

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JULY 11, 1857.

# THE SATURDAY

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# EVENING POST.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Original Novellet.  
CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;  
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.  
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE INDIAN CAMPING GROUND.

The next morning the party drove out to the Indian camping ground. The spot which had been selected by the Indians was most enchanting. By meadows and fields of late grain, rolling in glittering waves down the slopes of the hills, through patches of dark woods the party drove, and ascending at last a gentle eminence, stopped upon a long reach of table-land, where now and then one giant-oak spread its broad foliage, sprinkled with the colors of the rainbow. The cloudless blue of an Indian-summer tinged the whole Heavens, and even the tents, ragged and worn as they were, at a little distance looked white and glittering. Groups of Indians sat in the doors of their rude habitations, engaged some in mending their hunting implements, some lazily sunning themselves, and many of the women making their interminable bead-work. They hardly stirred as the party alighted and came towards them. The chief's tent was the largest, resting at the back upon small stakes, and lifted in front by tall poles that gave it the appearance of a gable roof. The boughs of the neighboring wood had been rifled of their fresh, pliant, and bended of the evergreen boughs from the ridge-pole, hanging over to the ground behind. The pine leaves strewn in front and within, on the mossy floor, gave an agreeable odor to the atmosphere, though it was somewhat tainted by mingling with the smoke of the pipe. Leoline, agitated, trembling in every limb, looked eagerly about to find some token of her mother's presence. Park, through his intrepidity, obtained an entrance into the tent of the chief for the whole company. A mellow light, checkered by the fine foliage of the primitive thatch, was shed all through the interior. A bed of fine boughs, over which was thrown a blanket, rested the chief, an athletic man of middle age and commanding presence. His hair, an intelligent looking woman, was binding Indian corn in a rough hewn tray, it obeying the simple gesture of her lord, she laid aside her work, and filling his pipe, lighted it presented it to him. With a gravity becoming his state, he held out the pipe to Park, who put it to his lips, then to the Quaker, to Mrs. Dinsmore, and finally to Leoline, whom he seemed to look with as much admiration as an Indian allows himself to exhibit. She, shaking hand and a trembling fist touched the mouth-piece, and handed it to him. Then ensued a long silence, which the chief continued smoking, still with his eyes fixed on Leoline's face. The quiet was almost unendurable, and Leoline, by drooping glances, urged first the Quaker, and then Park, to begin the conference. Both, however, knew the etiquette of the tribe too well to break the silence, and at last, blowing smoke slowly upwards, the chief exhaled, broken English,

"Me glad to see you."

Upon this Park drew from his pocket two strings of gaudily colored beads, each with a handsome trinket suspended, and laid them at the chief's side. The latter took them up with a gruff expression of savage pleasure, and drew his delight rapidly toward each.

"Let us go round to the other tents," said Leoline, faintly, "I cannot bear this suspense."

"The young pale-face is looking for a strange woman, who she thought might be here with our people; do you know if the Indian medicine-woman is here with the Mohawks?" said Park, on a hint from the Quaker, who still and unyielding, his broad-brimmed shading his face, his hands folded over his knees.

The chief inclined his head and sat for some moments in an attitude of thoughtfulness, then shook himself slowly, he asked,

"She Delaware Indian?"

"Yes, yes!" cried Leoline, betraying her joy by the deepening color in her cheek and in her eye,—"is she here?"

"Delaware and Mohawk sometimes friends,"

"the chief; "Delaware hold here, while Mohawk be higher," he added with dignity.

Park produced another string of beads, saying as he did so,

"Will you try to remember if the strange medicine-woman has been here, or is here?"

"Yes, yes," said the chief, holding the beads up to admire their varied colors, "she is high, tall—tell dreams—tell hot or cold—wet or dry."

"That was she," murmured Leoline, growing pale again.

"Where is she now?" inquired Park, earnestly.

"Gone again," replied the chief, stolidly.

"Which way?" persisted Park, "further on, back to Philadelphia?"

"Back, back," repeated the Indian, waving hand impressively. "She get plenty medicine to cure the pale-faces; she great woe-ugh!"

"I could gather nothing more from this



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APPEARANCE OF MOTHER KURSTEGAN.

conference—and sick at heart, Leoline arose, and they all went out together. Curious groups had gathered near the chief's tent, and were clamoring to sell their bows and arrows, their moccasins, bags and baskets. Park offered a pretty bag to his mother.

"I have only six at home," she said, laughing.

"Oh! well, you can give them away, mother," responded Park, piling in a pair of gay moccasins, two baskets, and taking for himself a handsome bow and sheath. As he purchased one thing after another, the Indian women grew more clamorous for him to buy, and one of them, a roguish-looking creature, with soft, black locks and fine eyes, came out of a low tent, holding her child, all tricked out with feathers and colors, and showing her white teeth as she laughingly cried.

"Buy, buy, pickaninnies!—he worth big silver!" and then straining the little creature to her bosom, who shook her head in a pretty, doubtful manner, as much as to say, "I was only in jest; I wouldn't sell my baby."

Eagerly scanning every dusky feature, Leoline stood sorrowful and silent. She had felt a strange conviction that she should meet her mother among this tribe, but faith and hope died out in her bosom, and she said, sadly,

"I will go back to the city, and give up the search."

"Yes, for if Providence intends that thee shall find thy mother, thee will certainly do so," said the Quaker, "in His own good time. It might not do either thee or her good, if thou met now. Thee must put thy faith in God."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

MASTY ARRIVES IN TOWN.

A year and six months had passed by. Le Vaughn, since the death of his wife, had educated all society, confining himself chiefly to his editorial duties. He was now an altered man. Severe thought and mental and moral discipline had made him, to all appearance, austere and reclusive. Silver hairs had begun to sprinkle in among his heavy, dark locks; the sockets of his eyes had dimmed and deepened, and his eyes seemed darker and heavier than in the years of his youth. He was alone in his great house, with Martha installed as housekeeper, a few under-servants, and Nick, who already began to show talents of no mean order. To Martha, with her neat, dark gown and plain cap, Nick looked up with becoming reverence. She had taught him his prayers, improved his habits, and kept a constant and anxious watch over all his actions. His little room was next to hers, and she almost felt a motherly love, that developed itself in a thousand ways, and gave her a beauty, in the eyes of the boy, both moral and personal, that time might never efface. The little fellow had long had the benefit of the first teachers, and since Le Vaughn's cousins—who had teased him beyond the strength of his good nature to endure—had married, and gone to homes of their own, he had made rapid progress to the utmost satisfaction of his instructors and his foster-father, who loved him with the intensity of a desolate heart, doubly rife of all that had made life dear.

"Well, I'm sure, it does begin to look like old times," said Martha, walking to and fro through the rich parlors, after the servants had dusted and arranged them, and thrown open the heavy shutters, letting the sun-light fall like a flood of glory over the room; "bless her dear heart," she added, pausing before a portrait of the dead wife, "her picture is as well as herself has been shut up in gloom and darkness; I'll take the crap off, though, it looks so out of place here, and dear knows there's no need of mourning for the sweet saint."

So she was just reaching up her hands to untie a knot whose loose ends floated against the smooth walls with a dreary motion, when a loud whoop and hurrah startled her so, that she let the frame swing back heavily.

"Hurrah! I say Martha, here she is; here's our Masty; I found her out in the street, hurrah!" and he pulled the stout lass into the parlor, where she stood dumb with astonishment.

"I really hope, ma'am," she found voice to say at last, with a crisp curtsey. "I really hope I haven't intruded, but I saw Nick in the streets, and I couldn't help hollering to him, to save my life; and as he knew me just as fast as I knew him, why, we joined hands, as the ministers say at a wedding, and he brought me here. Well—lawsakes! this is what I call living in style."

"Suppose we go down stairs, George Henry," said the good Martha, summoning all the dignity her authority might warrant; she was fearful that Le Vaughn would return and object to his son's practical democracy.

"George Henry!" said Mastina, slowly, in every word; "then, that's his name, is it? Laws! if I didn't know, I should call him Nick, certain; I don't believe but he's turned wrong side out."

On the tender limb it falleth,  
For their fresh young vigor calleth;  
Wider, broader, see, they spread,  
Forming shelter for thy young ones.

Thou art into manhood blest,

Manhood's storms thy bosom sounding,

Learn a lesson from the tree;

Pure grow as tempest heat;

When thy passions threaten thee,

Stronger, stronger, plant thy feet;

With the tree, Fair and free,

Thou art growing with the tree."

"Look!" said Le Vaughn, in a momentary pause—“look at that child."

Those whose attention had thus called, turned to behold Chip, her hands pressed together; her eyes palpitating almost, so large and glorious they grew as she listened, lost, wrapt in pleasure, dead to everything but the rhythm of the poem.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Le Vaughn, vehemently, under his breath, "I'd give everything I possess for a child like that!" and a heavy sigh attest to the sincerity of his remark.

And still the doctor, not noticing the little one, continued:

"Lo! the stem, dark and green,  
Drapered by its leafy sheen,  
Lifts the shining foliage high,  
Yet, all sheltered, shuns the eye;  
So, child, let simplicity  
Shield you from the buckler bane;  
What thy left hand must bane,  
Never let thy right hand know;

Fair and free,

Upward springing like the tree.

"Higher soaring, birds are pouring  
Music from its fresh young boughs;  
And its shade, o'er the glade,  
Cools the weary woodland's brows;  
So let the shadows of thy love  
Fall upon the lone and poor;  
Fair sing in thy bower,  
Music pure; freely give, if given much;  
Never let the world's cold touch  
Steel thy soul, and harden thee;  
Thou art growing with the tree,

With the tree,

Fair and free,

Thou art growing with the tree.

"Every morn and eve from heaven  
Are the plighted pangs given,  
And the leaves drink in the dew,  
Gathering strength and beauty new;

Like the tree

May's thou be;

Drinking wisdom, silently,

From the Christ, thy brother;

In, above, below, beside thee,

May the risen Master guide thee,

With thy mother,

With thy father,

Of the tomb,

And beyond, where new immortals  
Enter heaven's holy portals;

There may we

By the tree

Spreading o'er the crystal river,

Live forever and forever."

"And the youthful mother  
Cradled her song with smile and sigh,

Kissed her babe on lip and eye,

Folded it unto her breast,

Folded her cot and sought her rest.

"Why! my little daughter!" said the doctor fondly, as the child shrank back towards him. "Ah, she's an enthusiast, and a good judge of poetry, too, let me tell you." Park, for the first time, turned his attention to the little girl, and as he gazed in her soft, expressive eyes, a spark of celestial fire seemed to fly from her soul into his; young, slight, fragile as the beautiful creature was, from that moment he loved her.

The evening had wan an hour, when an unusual stir and excitement became visible among the guests. Van Alstyne, who had wandered about with aimless look, or lounged an uninterested spectator, suddenly, with face all aglow, started from the low seat which he had for the last few moments occupied, and leaving his pupil's childish question unanswered, crossed the room, striving hard to control his excitement as he went.

"Do you think it then so difficult to assume?" asked Leoline. "My heart is older than my years, and under this disguise performs its mission best towards the young and inexperienced, who look up to me as their guide and preceptor. And now that I have done with all experiments, let me return to my own solitary home, and with my books and music, sweet solace, that have power to work no evil, spend the rest of my life."

"Why have you taken so much pains to instruct yourself in all the accomplishments of the age?"

"Because they give me so much comfort and power," said Leoline, and her cheeks crimsoned as she met the earnest gaze of her friend.

"Hereafter," she added, "I shall pursue these alone."

Mrs. Dinsmore sighed. "Poor Van Alstyne," she thought, "my heart aches for him." "Come," she said aloud, as cloaked and hooded they both heard the rap of the good Martha, announcing Park's readiness to accompany them, "the carriage is waiting."

A muffled figure stood at the door of the coach, as Leoline saw by the coach lamp; it was Van Alstyne. He handed her in, unconscious of her disguise, and pressed her hand as he did so, springing immediately beside her. The door was shut, and they were slowly driven on.

"Where is Mrs. Dinsmore?" asked Leoline, in a low voice; "I thought she was to ride with us."

"No, Park made some other arrangement," replied Van Alstyne; "and I felt," he added rapidly, after a tremulous pause, "that I must unburden my soul to you this very night. Leoline—"

"Mrs. Swan, if you please," said the low,

calm voice, though the whole figure had shrunk back, and rested throbbing against the side of the couch, dreading yet longing to hear the dear words that she would prevent—loving almost to adoration, yet abandoned to despair.

"Leoline—I beg your pardon—still—could I be so mistaken?"

"Perhaps you do not yet understand," said Leoline, in a low, cold voice, holding every emotion in check as she spoke—"Mrs. Swan, the forewoman of John Lake's straw shop," she repeated, in an explanatory manner. "Had you not better return?"

"No, no; pardon me," he said, drawing yet half checking a heavy sigh; "I observed that you were at the assembly, in the early part of the evening," he added, endeavoring to assume a more cheerful voice; "but Miss Leoline—the young lady, I mean, for whom I addressed you, certainly came with Mrs. Dinsmore. It was really very awkward of me not to perceive—she is a pupil of mine," stammered Van Alstyne, remembering the passionate character of his attempted address.

"I am aware of that," said the cold voice.

"You and I; then I presume you know the young lady."

"I am acquainted with her," was the reply.

"Indeed! Do you understand why she excludes herself from the world as she does? Has she parents? Is she a relative of friend Lake's? I have been told so."

"I cannot answer your questions," said the voice, now slightly tremulous.

"Well, she is a wonder. You heard her sing to-night? Was not that a voice to be proud of? Ah, she is an angel!"

With what secret rapture did Leoline drink in these words, conveying as they did a greater depth and meaning than he intended for the forewoman's passionless ear! and still came the chilling thought, "ah! if he knew would he speak thus?" and the habitual distrust which she had nursed so many years, came weighing down her heart like a cold stone. The coachman now stopped to inquire where he should leave the lady.

"At friend Lake's garden gate," said Leoline, "I have the key and let myself in."

The pale March moon threw a clear, vivid lustre over the still ranks of the streets, and the tall houses loomed up like spectres in the silver light. The leafless trees, unblown yet, set their pencilled boughs against the white walls that trembled with shadows; the snow had been melting all day, and the soft trickle of the water running down the streets, could be distinctly heard. Van Alstyne accompanied the forewoman to the Quaker's garden gate, saw her turn the key, both bade farewell, and he returned to his carriage. Leoline, as she locked the gate on the inside, moved hastily up the yard, and turning to the right came to an arched passage. Going through this she found herself in the rear of the old house in which nearly a century before, tradition said, a family by the name of Hantz were murdered in cold blood. It was a dark, brick mansion, its windows covered with large gray blinds, and corniced over with heavy stucco-work. It wore a desolate look, except that through the three glass-panes over the door leading into the lumber and rubbish-filled yard, shone a small but cheerful light. Entering this door, Leoline locked it again, and taking the little lamp from the floor, moved along the wide, carpetless hall over which the beams were curved, ascended the first flight of stairs, and entered her own room, in the fireplace of which a few brands yet smouldered. There she sat down, dejected and spiritless, even with the sweet words to which she had listened, still echoing in her ears. "He does love me," she murmured, "he loves me for myself alone; and yet I must pain this great, good, noble heart with a refusal, and live ever after on the sweet remembrance of his affection."

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

##### AN EXPECTED REVELATION.

The evening after the literary meeting took place at Mr. Le Vau's, Leoline received a letter. It was nearly dark before she left the shop, and quite candle-light when she had doffed her daily costume, and sat down to her simple supper. The mischievous which she had received at the hands of a boy whom she knew to be connected with Le Vau's office, she seemed in no haste to open; and it was not till the table was cleared, and she had brushed the shining hearth, that she broke the seal and began to read the four pages of closely written letter-paper. It was from Le Vau's, pouring out his soul in contrition; acknowledging his sin, and praying for her forgiveness, and offering as the only reparation in his power, his heart, hand and fortune, if she would but consent to accept them after so many years of sorrow and penitence. Over one sentence what scalding tears she shed—"Our child is with me; I have taken him to my home and my heart, to educate, to treat in all respects as a son, to be my heir—to fill the place of my own lost child, and unless you forbid it, I shall retain him. You never knew that he lived, for, for your sake as well as my own, I caused him to be conveyed from you at birth, and through a series of strange vicissitudes he was brought at last to my notice, nearly two years ago, while I was travelling in search of my own lost little girl."

Leoline read with a fierce calmness, and then, only saying, "Does he think he can purchase happiness with me?" she placed the letter on the coal, and watched it till it curled and crisped and turned to ashes. She did not speak nor move nor sigh; she looked straight into the fire—it might not have been consciously so—her lips rigidly compressed, her eyes strained and bloodshot, and her cheeks colorless. A sound of footsteps was heard; she mechanically arose, unlocked her door, threw it open, and with the same unnatural composure met and welcomed Van Alstyne. A faint gleam might have rippled over her face once; but he was in the dark entry, and did not see it. He came in and sat down. The fire-glow flickered over the wall as it was wont; a volume in Spanish lay open at the last lesson, pencil-marked. A sheet of new music stood upright on the edge of the little old piano. Pen, ink and paper were all ready—everything was right, exact, and proper, save Leoline, with her bloodless face and constrained manner. A subtle gloom fell over Van Alstyne;

it seemed to emanate from her presence. He studied the tiles on the chimney front; he gazed long and vaguely at a sombre-tinted picture hanging against the old wall. All was silent, cold, dark; there seemed to be vitality neither in himself, Leoline, nor the surroundings.

"What did you think of the assembly?" he asked, at length, leaning back, as he lifted the Spanish grammar in his right hand.

"I scarcely know," replied Leoline.

"Shall we commence where we left off?"

"I cannot study," said Leoline, coldly; then as if gathering up strength to say something not altogether agreeable, she added, rising as she spoke, "Mr. Van Alstyne, I shall not require your tuition after this evening."

Had he heard aright? he looked at her as one stunned; as if a blow had been dealt him.

"Miss Leoline, what have I done to displease you?"

"Nothing—oh! believe me, nothing!—it is—for my peace, she would have added, but she checked herself.

"Miss Leoline, this is sudden—have you thought of taking this step previous to to-night?" he asked, knowing scarcely what he said.

She did not answer, but sank into her seat, incapable of speech.

"Before I go," said Van Alstyne, stooping a little, as if a burden had been suddenly put upon him, while his mild eye grew humid, and his hair hung damp across his pale, fair forehead, "before I go, permit me to say, in as few words as possible, that I love you. My confession has been brief and honest; give me as brief and as honest an answer, and if it is not favorable, I will—bear my fate."

How she trembled! One moment relenting, the next falling back upon her strong resolve; one moment longing to look up in his face, and lay her hand in his; the next denying even this small indulgence, lest her resolution should give way, and she waver in her mistaken sense of duty.

"Leoline, does this silence imply that I must leave you?" asked Van Alstyne, at last; and had she turned to him, then she must have relented at sight of the wo in his eyes.

"No—yes, yes! leave me, forget me!—go! I can be nothing to you—oh, do not add to the anguish that was before greater than I could bear! My kind teacher, my faithful friend, leave me, and forever! we must never, never meet again!" she cried, with shaking voice and face averted. "Do not ask me why," she added, as he involuntarily moved towards her, "only go, only forget me!" and the words were lost in sobs.

Van Alstyne stood irresolute, distressed, unable to interpret the vehemence of her manner. The words that had been thronging to his lips remained unspoken; but he did speak at last, and his voice was dry and husky, he said, "This, then, must be a final interview!"

"It must," echoed Leoline, still without moving or looking towards him.

"Then, farewell!" he said, and the words sounded as if they came from a sepulchre—"give me your hand, as a token that I am not altogether unwelcome to you."

Oh! could he have seen the wild, leaping, throbbing pulsation of the poor heart so fiercely tried! But he could not. The hand he took was icy cold; and with an Indian stoicism Leoline held her eyes veiled, nor once looked up in the face that had been and still was dearer than the very light of day to her vision. Dizzy, sick and bewildered, Van Alstyne turned away. His temples burned, his step was unsteady, coals of fire seemed heated upon his heart. Wearily he found his way to the door, groped down the dim staircase alone, for Leoline sat in a stupor where she had sank when he left her, and emerged into the street. It was a cold, wet night. The gusty wind rattled the signs, and blew a fine, cutting rain in his face; there was sleet upon the sidewalk—an inky blackness overhead, the lamps burned dimly here and there; black spectres, with umbrellas lifted, glided along in the muffled gloom, picking their cautious way with a strange, sprite-like motion, and wherever the sound of mirth or melody floated from some central group of home and happiness, it sounded as discordant as laughter at a funeral.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### IN WHICH CHIP IS RECOGNIZED BY THE INDIAN.

Unconscious whither or how far his rapid steps carried him, Van Alstyne moved unthinkingly on. How he came there he knew not, but suddenly he found himself in front of the handsome mansion occupied by Doctor Angell, and the impulse of a reckless mood urged him to enter. It was a scene of surpassing comfort that the opened door presented. Several wax candles, set in high, antique candlesticks, shed a soft, bright and agreeable radiance over the room. The warm, rich colors of the carpet, the beautiful tinting of the walls, embellished with superb landscapes, the leaping flames reflected on the high-polished brass fender and andirons, and in the long mirrors on the opposite side of the room, conspired to make a delightful home interior.

Park Dinsmore was the first to spring from his seat and welcome Van Alstyne. Mrs. Angell and a maiden sister, with Mrs. Dinsmore and Chip, who were the other inmates of this pleasant parlor. The doctor was absent on his professional visits, but Mrs. Angell hoped would soon be in.

The keen eye of Mrs. Dinsmore penetrated even to Van Alstyne's most secret thought. He felt that she divined the cause of his dejection, and he tried to put on an air of gaiety that sat ill upon his pale face, and contrasted painfully with the abstraction that every little while betrayed his laboring sorrow. Park was too much engaged with the charming child at his side to give much attention to his friend.

"Oh! she's the greatest little wonder alive," he exclaimed, aside, to the latter; "I'm just fascinated with her. Van Alstyne," he added, a few moments afterward, with great seriousness, "I'm going to make her my wife."

"Nonsense!" said the professor, his cheek flushing and paling—"that child!"

"Yes, that child! Why not? By and by she'll not be a child. I tell you it's been revealed to me, and as sure as she lives and I live, I'll marry her."

Van Alstyne smiled, or tried to smile in his friend's face.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Angell, speaking quickly.

A red face was thrust in at the open door, and holding it still ajar, the girl who stood there said,

"Indeed, Mrs. Angell, there's the quartet old man come to sell herbs out in the kitchen, and he's dressed in the queerest sort of way, and he says, 'mayn't he see the lady, and sing a song for her?' so I come to see."

Part burst into hearty laugh, while the doctor's wife said,

"I don't know as I care about seeing him."

"Oh! Mrs. Angell, do let the man come in," said Park; "I do on fortune-tellers, don't you, little Lena?" he asked, kissing his niece.

"Shall we commence where we left off?"

"I cannot study," said Leoline, coldly; then as if gathering up strength to say something not altogether agreeable, she added, rising as she spoke, "Mr. Van Alstyne, I shall not require your tuition after this evening."

Had he heard aright? he looked at her as one stunned; as if a blow had been dealt him.

"Miss Leoline, what have I done to displease you?"

"Nothing—oh! believe me, nothing!—it is—for my peace, she would have added, but she checked herself.

"Let him come in if he is any way decent," said Mrs. Angell, and away went the maid.

Presently a tall, dark, bony, slender old man entered, with a woman's cloak hanging from his shoulders, under which might be seen a dingy coat and breeches. A long red neck-cloth hung in voluminous folds from his neck almost to his knees; a slouched hat covered his head, under which stood out a mass of short, straight black locks; in his right hand he carried a cane, in his left a bundle. He bowed low to Mrs. Angell, bowed to each one of the rest, and cast a long, lingering glance upon Chip, who, with a childish fear, clung to her protector.

Park started, and exchanged a glance of intelligence with Van Alstyne, at the piercing black eye of the stranger rested upon him.—Van Alstyne looked long and curiously at the straight form of the apparently aged man—but when the latter said, turning to Mrs. Angell, "Shall I sing for you, lady? I have some little songs I sing for people who buy herbs," he nodded his head to Park, and for a moment his sadness was merged in curiosity.

"Shall I sing, or shall I tell a story? I tell stories, too, to amuse the ladies and gentlemen—yes, I'll tell you a story:

"Once," continued the old beggar, in low, intense tones, "a man found a little bird. It was a poor little bird, all broken and claws, without any feathers—a very ugly-looking bird.—The man took the bird to his house—the poor little bird, all broken and claws—and he got a beautiful cage for it, a golden cage, and he put it where the sunlight came in on it, and he fed it with sugar, so that the poor little bird began to pick up. Little by little the feathers came and the flesh grew, and the color made the wings bright, and the bird began to sing and hop. Every day it grew lovelier and lovelier, till it was the handsomest bird that ever was seen; and the man who found it wouldn't take no, not thousands of dollars for it. But one day there came an eagle with a black feather in his wings, and when he saw this beautiful bird, he wanted it; and he watched a time—he watched—his time," continued the stranger, his voice growing lower and deeper, "and one day he came with a great swoop, and caught the bird, and tore it all to pieces."

As he said this, the stranger turned, and, pointing to Chip, from whose delicate face all color had fled, cried, holding out his shaking, skinny fingers at the child:

"Look out for the bird—the eagle is coming!"

One quick, piercing shriek filled the room; the sensitive child lay in a death-like swoon, and as Mrs. Angell rushed towards her, with the rest, the stranger left the room.

Pal as a white lily, the poor little girl lay in her protector's arms, while Park knelt beside her, applying restoratives to the nostrils, and pushed the masses of beautiful hair back from her brow. Slowly returning to consciousness, at last, Chip lifted her head and gazed about wildly, crying,

"Take me away! where is she?"

In vain the earnest, soothing tones of Park, and the quiet, loving persuasion of the doctor's wife.

The eyes, the features, the gestures of the stranger were too strongly stamped upon her memory to be forgotten, and with deep distress her kind foster-mother saw the work of many an anxious month seemingly annihilated, and reproached herself for having admitted the weird old creature who, it was plainly to be seen, was hopelessly crazed. And while she mused, and Park, sitting down to the old family organ, played a gentle air from one of Beethoven's symphonies, her very heart grew cold at the recollection of the old man's story.

"A little bird, a poor little bird found by the roadside," she thought; "he sang in a gilded cage—growing beautiful, and of great value—the similitude is striking; yet what could this old man know of our poor little bird? Look out for the bird—the eagle is coming!"

An undesignable terror took possession of her breast as the words flashed again upon her brain, but she dared not give it voice, for Chip lay trembling on her heart.

Excusing herself, the doctor's wife led her out of the room, holding her with a strong grasp, to her own chamber, and there, with prayer and sweet womanly encouragement, strove to soothe her to forgetfulness.

"Well, what do you think, Van Alstyne?" asked Park, as he accompanied the former to the door.

"Just as you do, I presume," said the professor, moodily.

"That was the old woman, Mother Kurtagan, as sure as you live."

"I know it," replied Van Alstyne.

"Why don't we follow the old witch? Van Alstyne is this a strange matter—the more I think of it the more it perplexes me; why should she feel such a mad interest in this child? Let me whisper in your ear—little Lena is a foundling, and that Indian woman is Leoline's own mother!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the professor, a sudden light breaking in on his mind.

"Say nothing of it yet—they worship the child," murmured Park.

"And this crazed creature is the mother of Leoline!" thought Van Alstyne, as he strode on to his lodgings; "and can it be that she imagines a relation so unhappy would be any bar to my love? No, no! if she were twice an outcast I would love her! I will not believe her answer final! I must hope, even against hope!"

"Good heavens!" said the professor, his cheek flushing and paling—"that child!"

"Yes, that child! Why not? By and by she'll not be a child. I tell you it's been revealed to me, and as sure as she lives and I live, I'll marry her."

"Nonsense!" said the professor, his cheek flushing and paling—"that child!"

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## MY COUSIN MASKELYNE:

### THE ABBOT'S CURSE.

"A secret curse on that old building hung.  
Some weighty crime that Heaven could not pardon."  
—Hood.

I know full well that the story I am about to tell is open to doubts as to its probability, and that any tale, with which superstition is in part interwoven, is generally cried down as an offshoot of the supernatural, spectral school of Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe, and believed accordingly. Nevertheless, I venture to lay before you a plain narrative, for the truth of which, (without reference to names, dates, and a few incidental facts), I, and people worthy of credence in the country where the scene is laid can vouch. "My Cousin Maskelyne," (name only excepted), is no mythical personage of my own, but was a real flesh and blood cousin of mine, dear to me as to that part of the country where he was best known, and is now lamented. With these rough prefatory remarks I will at once begin.

In the year 1853 in the month of September, I was staying with a shooting party at Beauchamp Abbey in —shire, the seat of my cousins, the Maskelynes, whose family have resided there since the days of the Eighty Henry. I had, till the date above given, known very little of my cousins—had never been, save as a child, to Beauchamp, and had now gone there for a month's sojourn with as pleasant a party as I ever had the luck to meet.

But it is not so much of them that I could speak, as of the events of that evening which I remember as the occasion of my first introduction to Roland Maskelyne. The squire—his father, John Maskelyne, was a half old man of some sixty years of age, with nothing remarkable about him but his intense love of field-sports of all kinds, hatred of free trade, and rabid Toryism; in other respects an amiable man enough, a kind father, a good square when tenants were not poachers or Liberals, and one whose board was that his ancestors came over with the Normans, and had never sullied their fingers by work of any kind. Mother, Roland Maskelyne had not; his sister was married and lived in Wales, his younger brother was a boy at Eton then, and so the heir of Beauchamp had it all his own way at the Abbey. I cannot better describe him than by saying that he was as near a likeness to the Vandyke Charles I, as can well be imagined, with the same long, oval face, and expression of proud sadness. He only needed a ruff and a pointed beard to convince a looker-on that some old Yandike copy had walked out of its frame to become Roland Maskelyne. I noticed that during dinner he said little, but seemed absent and dispirited. Perhaps he is in ill health, thought I—perhaps something has gone wrong; but his father seemed to look inquiringly at my cousin, said in a low tone across the table, "Take no notice of your cousin, he is always as you see him now." This naturally enough heightened my curiosity to know what could be the cause of so settled a sadness. I had indeed heard, before coming to the Abbey, some strange stories of a certain Abbot who once reigned at Beauchamp, and who, on being dispossessed of his broad acres and fine old domain by that rapacious sovereign, Henry VIII., for the sole benefit of a certain Hugo Maskelyne and his male heirs forever, had bestowed a parting curse on the fortunate courtier and his heirs aforesaid, nearly in these words:—

"Live a merry life, Hugo Maskelyne, and gorge thyself on the spoil of the Church of God; but thou shalt not die in thy bed, neither shall any eider son of thy posterity ever live to succeed to the broad, fair lands of Beauchamp."

All this I have heard from an old nursemaid of mine, who came to us from my cousin's village, and though I, of course, knew of the strange fatality regarding the eldest sons of this family, I believed it was an old woman's tale of wonderment, unworthy of recollection. Nevertheless, my opinions on that subject have strongly changed since then.

After dinner, over our wine, the conversation turned upon timber and some trees which the old squire had that day planted in commemoration of Roland's having then attained his twenty-seventh year, when my melancholy-visaged cousin said abruptly, as though he just woke up,

"Those trees will, in a few years, be tall and flourishing, while I am sleeping in my old vault."

"Nonsense, man," said his father, almost angrily. "I really do wish you would, for once in your life, forget that foolish old story about the Abbot's curse, which seems to overshadow your life."

"Father," said the young man, "we are all of us in this room relatives. I am sorry if that foolish observation has cast a gloom over our snug little party, but it is of little avail to blink facts; all of us know there is a fate hanging over us Maskelynes, and that the Abbot's curse has never failed save once, since the day when the Abbot of Beauchamp left his lands forever. Still, perhaps, I was foolish to talk of these matters too well known already."

The conversation dropped, but it had lasted quite long enough to fill my young head with all kinds of weird fancies, so much so that you can easily imagine that when I retired to rest that night in the "White Room," with its panelled walls hung with stern-looking old Maskelynes, "bearded like the pard" and seemingly as fierce, and old swords, bucklers, and arquebuses, which it would require a brave sportsman to load and fire off now, it was to think of anything but slumber. From a child I had at no time been of a superstitious turn; still that night, I confess, I felt anything but comfortable, and, when I heard the clock strike one, and the last step die away on the creaking staircase, I would willingly have given all I then possessed to be at home, with no Maskelynes to stare me out of countenance, no Beauchamp Abbey with horrible traditions to startle me from my property, and no "White Room," "to murder sleep." I tossed and turned, straining in vain to sleep. I could not; till at last, determined to see if there were any ghosts in Beauchamp Abbey, I valiantly poked my nose into every cupboard and cranny in the room till I was more convinced than ever that I was a fool, and still more nervous than I had been before. "This cannot last long," thought I, "it will soon be morning—I will light a cigar

and smoke till daybreak." I looked round the room for a book—there were none. At last I brought me of the cupboard at the end of the room; then I found Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," a fit book for such a time, when, while glancing over its pages, down tumbled, covering me with dust, a pile of books and papers and a long roll of vellum, which I soon saw was the Maskelyne pedigree. I sat down, smoked my cigar, and read it through patiently, observing at the same time that against the name of every eldest son, for many generations, was a black line, and, "He died before his father," and "his younger brother succeeded," &c. And so the legend had some foundation in fact. I could not then reason myself out of a belief in it—I cannot now.

Day dawned; I had smoked my cigar down to the stump—was very tired, so throwing myself on my bed, I fell asleep in my dressing-gown and slippers, and awoke the next morning to find Roland at my bedside. A glance told him how I had slept the night; the candle burnt out, the books scattered over the floor, the dressing-gown and slippers left me no chance of asserting I had slept well. I told the whole truth, not even omitting the pedigree incident. Roland said nothing, but I think looked sadder than ever all that day.

We went out shooting; a right merry party, we were—all, save myself, being capital shots, and returned home, comfortably tired, to a good dinner at seven, with some fine old '24 afterwards. Leaving the wine-billbers to their talk of "green seals" and rare vintages, wine and walnuts, my cousin and I strolled out across the park, cigar in mouth, and from that night began a most cordial friendship. A delightful companion (when forgetting for a while that fearful family destiny) was my poor cousin Roland. From a boy he had always been a lover of literature, and at school and college had always shown himself to be a man not only of refined mind but vigorous intellect. A "noble mind" was indeed "overthrown" here by a fearful superstition, as you, reader, may call it, if you please; a life, which might have shed lustre on his age, was indeed wasted when Roland returned from Oxford to Beauchamp, where, leaving behind him the generous emulation and glorious thirst of knowledge of better days, he had nothing on which to fall back but field sports, hum-drunk country society, and gloomy forebodings. I was a boy then—I fear I am little more now—and boy-like, one of the first things I told my newly-discovered cousin-friend, was the history of a boyish love. Perhaps I told the tale well, perhaps earnestness attones for the power of narration; at any rate he seemed, as I thought, affected by what I said. I had jarred upon a weak chord, perhaps. I had always heard that Roland was a very Maskelyne in his nature—proud and reserved to a fault. It was not so. That night as we walked across his father's park, under the old ancestral elms, I heard from his lips, how, in an evil hour of unguarded passion, he had sacrificed the virtue of a village girl of lowly birth but remarkable beauty, one in all respect worthy of a better fate, and had by her a son whose birth, thanks to a judicious removal of the fair frail one under some pretext or other to London, had been hitherto kept a secret. Their child died, fortunately for both, and nothing was known of the matter by Rachel's friends at that time. Rachel Brooke was the only daughter of a small farmer in a parish adjoining Beauchamp, and, at the period I speak of here, was residing with her father and brother, in a lone farmhouse some two miles from the Abbey. Now Roland was, it seems, in the habit of paying clandestine visits to poor Rachel, whenever he thought her father and brother were away or asleep. It happened, however, one night when the old farmer was away from home, that Roland was sitting in the farmer's kitchen without a light, with Rachel at his side, when, hearing a sound outside, he went to the window to listen, and had hardly sat down again, when in stalked an athletic young man with a gun under his arm, as Roland and Rachel could see by the moonlight streaming in through the open door. It was his brother George, who had, as was his custom, been out on some poaching expedition with some disreputable characters in the village as lawless as himself, and now returned from the Abbey Woods to find the boy of Beauchamp in his father's kitchen, at his sister's side.

What means all this, young squire?" asked Brooke, hoarsely. Maskelyne said nothing—little could be said—ere the poacher went on in tones of fast-increasing passion:

"We may be poor folks, and you may be a fine gentleman come to ruin, if it is not already ruined, a poor girl's peace of mind; but—here he swore an oath too fearful to be written down—"if this night I do not hear from your lips why you come. Speak—villain!" Maskelyne's sole reply was a scornful smile. "Speak, Rachel," went he on wildly, "why comes this young squire, when father is away, to sit here through the night with you?" She was too much ashamed to speak—she could not.

"And did I risk my life three years ago to save you from drowning in the miller's pool, yonder, and for this—for this—for my sister—the living likeness of my poor dead mother, to be—"

"Spare me, George," said she—when, hissing out through his teeth one bitter word, which brought the blood in one red blush to the young girl's brow, he felled her savagely to the earth. In an instant his throat was grasped by Roland—a fierce struggle ensued—Maskelyne was the more powerful man, and Brooke was every second getting the worst of the contest, when by a sudden effort he shook off Roland's grasp, and rushed madly out into the field, shouting when he stopped:

"We shall meet again, Roland Maskelyne: curses like birds, fly home to roost; take mine and remember the Abbot's."

This disgraceful scene had occurred, unknown to any but the actors of it, some three days before my arrival at Beauchamp—and Roland more than once hinted during our walk, that he had little doubt but that George Brooke and he were likely between them to work out "the Abbot's curse" at a distant day. He pointed Brooke out to me the next morning. The poacher passed us by with a steady look of determined hatred in his eye, but said nothing, and in a few days I almost forgot the circumstances connected with Roland's and his quarrel.

Alas! I had occasion too soon to bear witness to the truth of my poor cousin's words, that he and George Brooke would soon work out "the Abbot's curse" between them. But little thought I, when Roland and I sat the following Sunday in the square's pew under the marble monuments of the Maskelynes, to which I fear I paid far more attention than to the somewhat heavy discourse of the good rector of Beauchamp, how soon there would be a monument in the churchyard to one who combined with all that was good and noble in his ill-fated race, a fascination of mind and men peculiarly his own. Let me not anticipate. Let me not scathily mark what little interest this story may have for you by jumping to a sad conclusion thus early. It was the custom of my cousin and myself every evening to stroll out across the fields to enjoy a "quiet cigar," as smokers say; and one night, while returning home rather later than usual, we heard a gun fired—another—and then a man's head peered at us over the fence, and was rapidly withdrawn.

"Poachers," said Roland, without removing the cigar from his lips; "let us knock up the keepers, and see if we cannot secure some of these Diana's foresters."

After a smart walk of some ten minutes we reached the keeper's cottage, and found him with two assistants, preparing to start for the Abbey woods in quest of the poachers. Telling the keepers to go on first and reconnoitre, Roland said to me:

"You and I, William, will follow in their rear, and may possibly see some sport on our own account. I know the country, you don't; stick close to me, and—"here he stooped down and selected from a bundle of faggots by the moonlight two stout bludgeons—"now I think we are a match for any two of them, if they don't fire, which is improbable."

Although peacefully disposed, and at no time fond of risking life and limb for trifles, I am by no means averse to a little excitement in the way of skull-cracking when the occasion is just one; and so without more ado I set off with Maskelyne, with the charitable view of correcting the erroneous ideas existing in the poachers' minds, as to the extent of the squire's *meum* and their *tuum*. By the time we reached the wood, the keepers had got into the middle of some brushwood, where they ambushed, awaiting the arrival of the marauders. Giving a very low whistle, which was immediately answered by our party, Roland and I proceeded onwards till we heard a crackling of dead branches, and a gun rushed past us, followed by a lurcher.

"It is George Brooke's dog," said Maskelyne; "I would, for his sister Rachel's sake that he were miles away this night. If I meet him hand to hand, I cannot shrink from an encounter; for if I do, he will think I fear him, and that no man could ever say of a Maskelyne; if we take him, it will only be through bloodshed—possibly loss of life—for George is a desperate fellow; was tried, but acquitted, some years ago, for shooting old Giles, our late head-keeper, and knows that if he be again on trial, he will assuredly be transported. I have almost a wish to go back; but no, here are the keepers. What news, Jack?"

The head-keeper told us that he knew of the poachers' whereabouts—that there were four or five of them only, so that we were evenly matched, and that we had better at once come up with them, and secure any we could. We had not far to go before we had an opportunity of testing our valor.

Grasping his bludgeon, Roland strode manfully up to a group of men—stalwart fellows too for a midnight *mele*—who had coolly halted, bent on giving the keepers "their supper," as they elegantly phrased it, with a few oaths as expletives. Singing out one man, who seemed the most athletic of the party, Roland speedily felled him like a bullock by one heavy blow of his bludgeon, and, shouting to us to come on, struck out right and left more like a savage than that quiet, gentlemanlike, pensive cousin of mine, whose sadness I had vainly endeavored to cheer the same evening. I, too, played my part well enough with my bludgeon, and was easily wounding by fist and stick, as opportunity offered, a clumsy bumbkin, whose knowledge of the noble art of self-defense was limited to a few furious kicks and awkward hits, when I received from behind a heavy blow on my head, and fell down backwards stunned. What went on during my short insensibility, I hardly know even now; but when I came to myself, I found the hot blood trickling down my neck and face, the keepers were gone, and the moon shining clearly down through the trees full on the pale, angry faces of two men, who were pausing for an instant's breathing time, ere they endeavored to crack each other's skulls. These were Roland Maskelyne and George Brooke; the latter had laid his gun on the grass, and was striking wildly at Roland with a stick dropped by a brother-poacher in his flight. Feeling too weak to be of any use in a conflict like this, and beside possessing that almost instinctive love of fair play common to every true Briton, I contented myself by leaning on my elbow and encouraging Roland as loudly as I was able, to finish it quickly. My cousin was a splendid single-stick player; and, at this, Brooke, though a wiry active fellow enough, stood little chance with one who, like Maskelyne, had learned the use of his weapon from the life-guardsmen of Angelo's fencing rooms; so it was easy to see that the conflict must speedily end. With a dexterous twist of his wrist, Roland sent the poacher's cudgel flying some dozen feet into the air, and rushed on to secure his man, when Brooke, divining his intention, leapt lightly back, and recovering his gun which lay loaded on the grass, deliberately cocked and presented it at his antagonist's breast.

"Stand back, young squire," said he, hoarsely through his teeth; "let me go in peace home to my sister whom you have ruined, or by Him that made us, your heart's blood will sprinkle this grass to-night."

And for a moment Roland did stand; he thought, perhaps, how just a cause of anger might now be influencing Brooke against the seducer of his sister, and for her sake a momentary feeling of hesitation came over Roland's fiery heart. Alas! it was but for a moment.

"Brooke!" said he, sternly, "I said I would stop that poaching two years ago—I will keep my word."

Grasping his bludgeon once more, just as

he was rising to stop him, Roland rushed in to grapple with the poacher, and succeeded so far as to be able to avert the gun's muzzle from his breast, when the keepers' voices were heard in the distance, and Brooke, wrenching the gun from Roland's grasp, fired it, and through the smoke I saw the poacher bounding by me like a deer, and my cousin lying bleeding on the grass. At this moment the moon shone out through a passing cloud; and, as I knelt down at his side, and saw the ghastly pallor of his face I knew his hours were numbered.

"Scot nev'more at the Abbot's curse!"—And the noble spirit of Roland Maskelyne passed away.

Let me draw a veil over the few days preceding his funeral. Such sorrow should be sacred, and any delineations of mine of sorrow like ours then, could but be painful to you now.

I saw the coffin of him I had known so short a time, yet loved so well, borne to the grave of the Maskelynes, and I know that while the beautiful ritual of our church was being read by the Rector of Beauchamp, in a voice tremulous with hardly suppressed emotion, there was not a dry eye among all that rustic conourse of honest hearts from far and near in the old churchyard. And I own I shuddered in superstitious awe, as a reader may think, when my eyes fell upon two sapphires which Roland himself had planted in my presence some time before, in his own words, "to overshadow my grave when the curse is fulfilled."

By the old man's desire I remained with him a week after his son's funeral. I told him the history of Rachel Brooke as regarded his son, omitting nothing, and had, ere that week expired, the satisfaction of being the bearer of a kindly note from Mr. Maskelyne to her, and have since heard that very shortly after my departure a handsome annuity was settled upon Rachel Brooke for her life. George escaped, and has never been seen since. His gang is broken up, and the Abbey Woods since that fatal night, seem to have few temptations for the Beauchamp villagers.

Once again, when the grass was growing green on my cousin's grave, did I pay a visit to Beauchamp Abbey. Old recollections made that so painful to me that I have never repeated it. I remember one night strolling through the churchyard when all the village seemed asleep; as I passed near the massive cross which marked Roland's resting-place, I heard a sound of sobs. I was startled, but quickly shaking off that feeling I strode to the grave, and there, with her face bent down to the turf, knelt poor Rachel. In answer to my questions she told me that since his death she had never omitted a nightly visit to her dead lover's grave—and there, I doubt not, will still some morning be found lying broken-hearted on the daisies which fold the tomb of him she loved so well. And now, dear reader, shall I confess it? whenever I hear men scoffing at narrations of this kind as "old women's tales" I feel a choking sensation in my throat, for my mind wanders back to the cross that tells at once the grave of my lost cousin Maskelyne, and the Abbot's Curse.

"Never lost, oh! Father, is this evil world of ours,

For amid its dust and ashes bloom afresh the Eden,

Upwards through its din and turmoil, Love and Folly

Send their prayer;

And Heaven's white-winged angels hover daily in our air."

"I am afraid of lightning," muttered a pretty coquette, during a storm. "Will you be safe?"

"Do as Roland desires."

I ran to the stable, vaulted upon a horse, and rode him, without waiting for saddle or bridle, with a halter, to Rachel. She returned with me—she knew the truth already too well—George had been home, and told her all ere finally fled. Timidly, with her face suffused with blushes, crept poor Rachel, like a guilty thing, after me to Roland's bedside, where, overcome by her grief, forgetting the presence of all save him she loved, and dying before her, sank down sobbing bitterly at the foot of the bed. That proud, stern, melancholy Roland Maskelyne had not been so to her; she remembered a time when the cheek, now paler at the approach of death, had flushed as he told her his passionate, sinful love—when the eye, so sad or stern in its glance on others beamed with love on her—the poor little village girl, now breaking her heart at a dying man's bedside. What cared she for the stern wonderment in the looks of the haughty old squire? for the deprecating glances of the good surgeon? Love heated them not; she was, to all intents and purposes, alone with him she loved—and he was fast nearing his eternal home."

After awhile she became calmer, rose from her knees, and glanced wistfully round the room.

"Father," said Roland, "I have something on my mind—let me speak to this poor girl alone."

Without a word of remonstrance or inquiry we all withdrew. I heard from Rachel's lips, after the funeral, what then occurred:

"Rachel, I was your destroyer—I sent you to entreat your forgiveness ere I go hence into the presence of my Maker. We have both sinned grievously. Kneel down, and pray to God to pardon us, in this sad, parting hour!"

She obeyed. There was a long pause; his mind seemed wandering, and he was well-nigh too exhausted to speak. After a while he continued,

"Doubtless, you know all; but I forgive him who wounded me, for I die by your brother's hand. I shall exact a promise, when we two have said our last farewell, from my father, that he will not seek to punish George, and that he will protect you for my sake. And now, good-by, my own dear girl! Forgive me, think kindly of me when I am gone, though I have been your ruin, for the sake of the love I bore you, and for the sake of our dead little one, whom I hope soon to meet in heaven!"

She knelt down once more, and wound her arms round her first—last—only love. Their lips met in one long, parting kiss; a murmur of "God bless you, Roland, as Rachel does!" and the poor girl parted from him forever in this world.

Well-nigh overcome by emotion, weak with loss of blood, Roland had still a sacred duty, as he deemed it, to perform. Mastering his feelings, he called his father to his bedside, and taking his hand in his own, after desiring that his dying blessing might be transmitted to his brother and sister, he passed on to that which was nearest to his heart in his last moments.

"Father, I implore you by the love you professed for me to grant me these favors—these requests of your dying son; firstly, that you will never in any way, directly or indirectly, seek to punish George Brooke for the share he had in last night's tragedy; secondly, that

4.  
ANTELOPE-HUNTING  
IN INDIA.

The accompanying sketch represents the sport of killing Antelopes with the Chetah, or Hunting-Leopard, as practiced in India.

The general idea of the mode in which the hunting-leopard seizes his prey, is an erroneous one. It is commonly supposed that he creeps stealthily and slowly, availing himself of every inequality of ground for concealing his approach, till within a few yards of his victim, and then springs on it in two or three tremendous bounds; whereas he usually catches it by dint of speed of foot alone.

The sport is usually pursued in the cool of the morning. The leopard is conveyed to the ground which the antelopes frequent, on a common uncovered bullock-cart, on which is lashed a native cot for the animal to crouch on. He is usually hooded, that he may be more keen when allowed to see his game. He has also a collar on, and a girdle of rope round his loins. Through each of these a cord is passed, the ends of which his keeper holds in his hand, so as to slip the leopard at the proper moment. The keeper and driver both sit on the cart, which the spectators follow either on foot, horseback, or, as in the present instance, on elephants. When the antelopes are seen, the driver makes a circuit, so as gradually to approach without alarming them; the spectators either follow close, or go in a different direction, in order to distract the attention of the antelopes. As soon as the cart is within two hundred yards of the herd, the keeper unhoods the leopard, and the instant he has caught sight of the game, slips him. The leopard springs from the cart and sets off, usually at an easy canter, towards the herd, invariably singling out the buck as its victim, if there be one in it. The antelopes, now thoroughly alarmed, make off at the top of their speed; the leopard gradually, and with apparently perfect ease to himself, diminishes his distance till within fifty or sixty yards of the one he is in special pursuit of; and then, quickening his pace to its utmost, is alongside the animal in an instant with a lightning-like rush. He gives it a pat with his paw, generally on the haunch, which makes it stagger, and ere it has time to recover from the shock, the leopard seizes it by the throat and holds it till the keeper comes up and puts the antelope out of pain by cutting its throat. The leopard is immediately re-hooded, a little of the blood is caught in a large wooden ladle (carried on the cart for the purpose), mixed with part of the entrails, and thrust under his nose, when he looses his hold of the antelope, to lap up the blood, &c. After this meal he quietly submits to be led away to, and put on, his cart, and is allowed a few minutes' breathing-time preparatory to a second run. In this manner one leopard will kill four or five antelopes in succession.

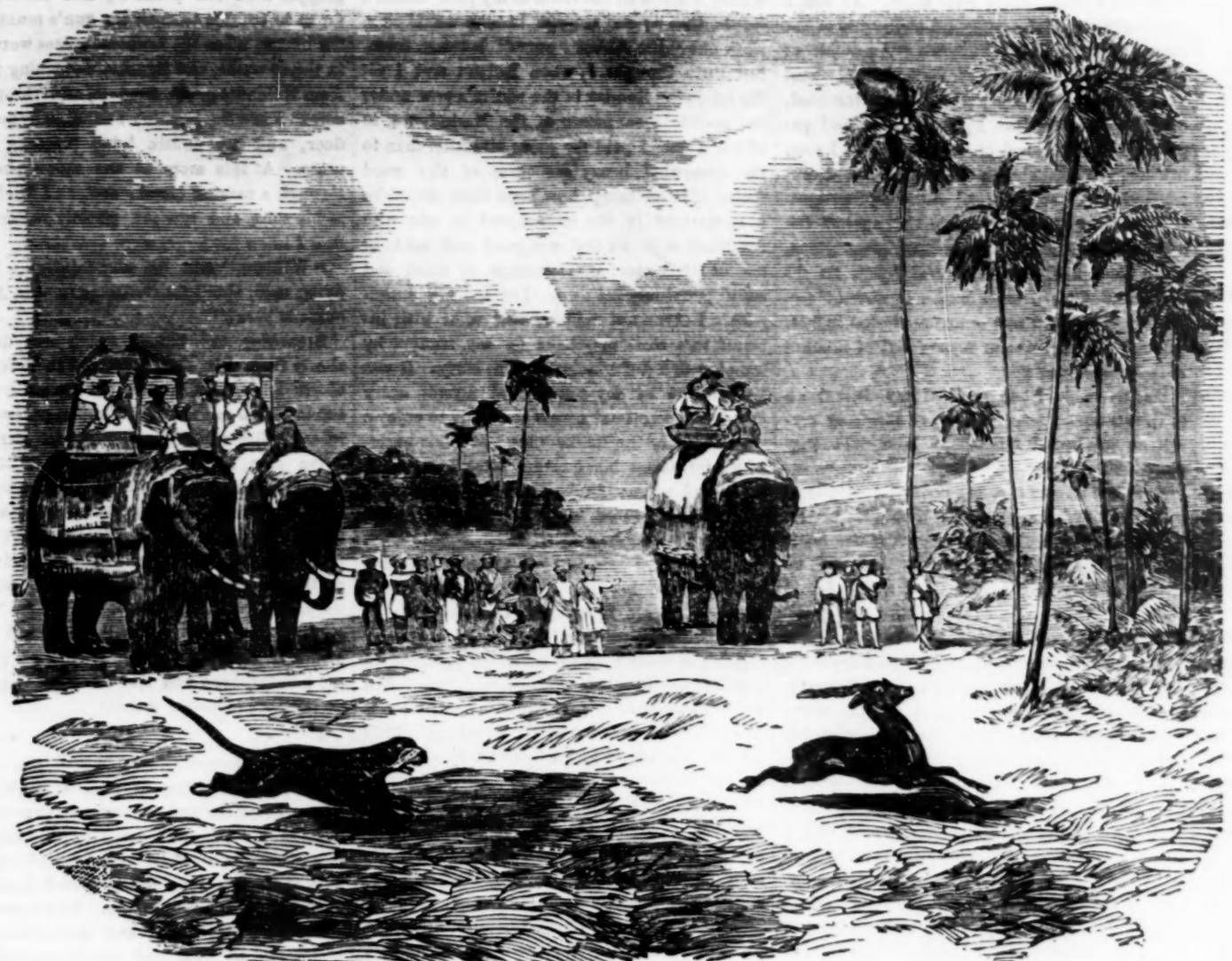
Though the above is a description of what generally happens, there are variations according to the ground on which the antelopes are found. If it be dotted with bushes or tufts of high grass, the leopard does take advantage of these to approach his game, at a canter or trot, very close ere he makes his final rush. But, to see the sport to most advantage, it should be on a perfectly open plain, such as antelopes prefer to other haunts, and where there is nothing which the leopard can use to screen his approach; then is seen in perfection his amazing speed, even as compared with the known swiftness of the antelope.

In build, the hunting-leopard more resembles the greyhound than the rest of his species. He is tall, has straight but not powerful fore-legs, a deep chest, light body, very long and muscular thighs, and powerful loins; evidently fitted for great speed, rather than strength. When at speed he carries his long and bushy tail in the air, as represented in the engraving. The claws are short, weak, and not retractile. The dewclaws alone, on the fore-legs, are very strong and sharp, and with one or both of them, when he gives his prey the preliminary pat before seizing it with his teeth, he gives it a rip or scratch on the side or haunch. It is the hold which these claws take, rather than the strength of the blow from his paw, which causes the antelope to stagger in his race for life.

## A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

Captain Marryatt, in his "Ollie Podrida," tells a capital anecdote about a quiet old doctor, who had had the misfortune in his old days to contract a love for a freakish young lady, which terminated in a brief courtship and hasty marriage. The doctor detected gaity of any kind, and regularly retired to bed at half-past nine P. M. Not so his young wife, who made a point of never missing a single evening party to which she might chance to be invited. Weary in spirits, his peaceful slumbers broken and interrupted by the unconscionable hours that his pretty wife thought proper to keep, the doctor at first remonstrated mildly, then raved and stormed, and finally vowed to bolt his wife out if she was not home before midnight. The wretched medico watched till that hour, and then, with stern determination and strong arm, bolted the truant out for the night. Somewhere about four P. M. the lady was carried in her palanquin from one of the most delightful balls the commandant had ever given. Finding remonstrance and tears of no avail with the obdurate old disciple of Esculapius, she threatened to throw herself into a well hard by. The doctor only laughed at her threat. Suddenly, the bearers, who were set up to the dodge, let drop a huge stone in the well, and simultaneously raised loud lamentations for their lost mistress. Out rushed the wretched doctor, half distracted, and less than half clothed; in stepped madam, and bolted the door securely. Alas! too late the medico discovered the ruse—vainly he implored forgiveness and admission. There, on the sharp gravel, naked-footed and night-shirted, that unhappy man walked to and fro to keep circulation, till daylight revealed his grotesque position to the score of young officers bound for morning parade, who bandied the joke from one to another, until the luckless doctor was obliged to fly the country.

Madame de Genilia, says somebody, reported her librarian for putting books written by male and female authors upon the same shelf. "Never do it," said she, "without putting a prayer book between them."



ANTELOPE-HUNTING WITH THE LEOPARD, IN INDIA.

## THE GAMBLING HOUSES OF PARIS.

Each house has its share of histories and miraculous turns of fortune, all unfolded in due course to the admiring stranger. How there was to be seen a player, who played every day unvaryingly for a single quarter of an hour and not an instant longer, and who during that span lost three or four thousand francs, or else won twelve or fifteen thousand; and who had thus earned the soubriquet or pet name of Massena. How again another, a young provincial, had come up on the eve of his marriage, to purchase nuptial presents for his bride with only fifteen francs in his pocket; how he had strayed into one of these houses, and gone his way home rejoicing, bearing with him many costly offerings for his fiancee, and ninety thousand francs in clean notes besides! How again a Strasburg cafe keeper came up to town to see the sights, wandered in for a few moments, and issued forth with a rich booty of over two hundred thousand francs. Such gorgeous legends have a savor as of Arabian Nights, filling the neophyte's heart with strange enthusiasm, and send him to the tables filled with longing hope and desire. But, there is another history of a more mysterious character, inspiring awe and a certain freezing of the nerves. The scene is at Frascati, at about two hours past midnight; a gray and grizzled general, with long pointed moustaches, whose breast is garnished with the St. Esprit, St. Louis, and Legion of Honour, has been playing desperately since ten o'clock; playing until all his broad lands in Normandy have utterly melted away. For, there has been standing behind him all the night an accommodating Hebrew, to whom the poor general's acres are well known, and who has been liberal in his advances on the security of the general's little note. But, now, the Hebrew, knowing that the land has on it as much as will bear, declines further accommodation; and the old officer sits in a corner with his face covered up in his hands. He is utterly ercast, abatit, say winners and losers as they pass by, looking curiously at the broken warrior. But the worst is, that he has wildly staked his little daughter's portion—now sleeping unconsciously far away in her Normandy convent—and that too, has gone the way of the rest. And this is what has so completely bowed him down to the earth. Meantime, amid the hum of excited tongues, and the chinking of gold and silver monies, a tall stranger, wrapped in a long cloak, has entered very quietly. It was noted by a few lookers on that he was pale, and that his eyes were strangely brilliant, and that he had coal black hair pushed back from his forehead. He drew near to the gray general, and after a time sat down carelessly just behind him. Then he touched him lightly on the shoulder, and began whispering earnestly; the gray general not heeding him very much at first. Gradually he grew more attentive, and at last suffered himself to be drawn into the window, where he had a long conversation with the dark stranger. Whence he was soon after seen to come forth, very pale, and with compressed lips, but with something like a heavy purse in his hand. What could it mean? Was this another obliging Hebrew? However, place was made for the gray general at the table, who, with trembling fingers, heaped up a glittering pile before him, and began to play. First he had strange luck, and his golden heap began to rise high; when suddenly, his fortune turned. Gradually the pile began to dwindle, falling away by degrees, until there were left but two or three bright pieces, which at the next cast were gone also. All this while the tall stranger might have been standing afar off in the doorway, with his cloak folded about him, and smiling coldly as the gray general's heap melted away. When all was over and the last piece gone, he beckoned over to the gray general with an ivory-like forefinger, who thereupon rose up without a word and walked towards the door, and in another instant he and the tall stranger had departed together. For a few moments players looked uneasily at each other and whispered mysteriously, and then the game went on as before through the whole of that night. But, early next morning, certain wood-cutters going to their work hard by the Bois de Boulogne, came upon the body of a gray-haired officer, with gray-twisted moustaches, lying upon his back, with discolored marks about his throat.

The significance of the dark stranger became then known: and was talked of for many nights in salons de jeu. The legend became a player's legend, and was thenceforth known as the History of Le General Gris. He is but a type after all; for there were to be seen many, many such ancient warriors, casting away their hard won substance, and driven to their trusty swords as a last refuge from disgrace and ruin. Other chronicles are there, no less curious, especially those concerning certain tracasseries played off on the bank. The bank is only fair game for such craft, being held to be a raving monster preying upon all unhappy players; therefore are all such narratives of chicanery welcomed with a certain gusto and enjoyment. Once upon a time (so runs the tradition) two young men strolled into Frascati, each laying down his fifty double louis upon different colors. The cards were dealt in due course, and the red came up as winning color. Monsieur A. gently gathered up his fifty louis, and passed away silently from the room. Monsieur B., whose fifty had been swept in by the croupier's rake, was following when he was stopped by Messieurs de la Chambre. Monsieur B. Croupier, in gathering up his spoil, had discovered that Monsieur B.'s louis were only so many forty thousand pieces ingeniously gilt over, and there was besides an awkward arrriere-pensee that the stake laid down by Monsieur A. might have been of the same quality. However, Monsieur B. put a bold face on the matter, and protested against being held to be the confere of Monsieur A. It has always been the policy of the bank to avoid unpleasant fuss or eclat, and so the grasp of the serpent-de-ville was relaxed and the offender suffered to go free.

Again. A well-known general of the empire was so successful with an ingenious coup of this sort, that it has come down to us bearing his name. The social code must have been a little relaxed when such exalted personages were esteemed for such questionable accomplishments. It was the general's habit to lay down a single rouleau covered up in paper, and bearing the usual outward aspect of a rouleau containing one thousand francs. If it was his fate to lose, the general invariably withdrew his rouleau, and handed the croupier instead a note for one thousand francs. But, when his turn came to win, and he was presented with a thousand francs, "Pardon me," said he, putting it back gently, "my stake was considerably more." The rouleau was then opened, and there were found some fifteen or twenty thousand franc notes ingeniously folded between the pieces of gold. The bank made a wary face, but the money was paid, and the general comes down to posterity as an exceedingly smart man.

A favorite coup d'enlevement was the dropping of some combustible upon the table, and in the confusion men carried off the open box of gold to the cry of "Sauvons la cause!" (Take care of the strong-box!) The strong-box, it is scarcely necessary to add, being never heard of after.

A DELIGHTFUL BABY.—Lady Tyrawley, who was very short-sighted, being on a christening visit, waited for a considerable length of time, with very much impatience, to see the child, which was to be brought down to her. The maid servant in the meantime entered the apartment, with a coulascutte, and approaching the fire, near which her ladyship was seated, she immediately rose, and being extremely desirous of complimenting the family with a thousand componnace observations on the banting, ran on in the following manner with great volubility:—"La! it is the sweetest creature I ever beheld! My lord duke's nose! My lady duchess's eyes and mouth! Dear, nurse, this is a universal joy; for sure no mother had ever so sweet a creature!" The company started, and her ladyship, who did not discover her error, took her departure, congratulated herself on having paid her visit, and returned home full of her Grace's delightful baby.—*English Paper.*

COURTESY OF LONG LIFE.—In "The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles James Napier," is the following anecdote of the hero of Barossa:—"So old Lord Lynedoch is gone. Being at Malta about three years ago, when there was talk of a war with France, he said, 'I can't go home by France.' 'Why not, my lord?' 'Oh, they might catch me, and I don't want to spend twenty or thirty years in a French prison!'—he being then past

ninety."

To give children good instruction and a bad example, is but beckoning to them with the head to show them the way to Heaven, while you take them by the hand to lead them in the way to hell.

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The gaities of the London season being now at their height, novelties in evening costume are eagerly sought for. Among the newly prepared dresses, remarkable for novelty, may be mentioned one of white tulleane, trimmed with four flounces of black lace, each lined with black tulle. Two wreaths of pink hyacinths, one on each side, pass upwards from the edge of the skirt to the waist, the intervening space forming a *tableau*. The corsage of this dress is pointed in front and behind. The sleeves, which are rather short, are, like the corsage, rather profusely trimmed with pink hyacinths. A wreath of the same flowers, intermingled with diamonds, is worn in the hair. Another dress, peculiarly novel in style, has three skirts; the uppermost being composed of blue tulle, the middle one of white tulle, and the lowest of blue tulle. These skirts are very full, and are looped up on each side by bouquets of roses without foliage. The corsage, of blue tulle, is trimmed with an *ecelle* of rosebuds, and sprays of rose-buds are employed to trim the sleeves. The wreath for the hair is formed of roses, intermingled with diamonds, and a *parure* of brilliants, consisting of a necklace, drop ear-rings, and three brooches, complete the costume. A dress, much admired, worn at a recent evening assembly, was composed of organdy, and trimmed with flounces of the same material, covered with flounces of Alencon lace. The lace is of a pattern at once rich and light. Each flounce was headed by two rows of narrow black velvet, and one row of gold braid—the latter being placed between two rows of velvet. The corsage has a bertho, and a trimming of black velvet and gold braid, corresponding with the heading of the flounces, ornamented the bertho and sleeves. A bouquet of lilac acacia was fixed at the waist, a little on one side. Head-dress—sprays of lilac acacia, attached with diamond pins.

CARLYLE ON THE OPERA.—An Edinburgh annual has an article by Carlyle on the opera. It is a pouring out of eccentric criticism, aimed especially at the ballet girls, "with their muslin saucers round them, whirling and spinning in strange mad vortexes," and culminating in a "motion peculiar to the opera, perhaps the ugliest, certainly the most difficult, ever taught to a female creature in this world." Farther on, he exclaims, "Oh, Heavens, when I think that Music, too, is condemned to be mad, and to burn herself to this end, on such a funeral pile—your celestial opera-house grows dark and infernal to me! Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death."

LIVING AND DYING.—The Rev. John Newton, when in company one day, mentioned the death of a lady. A young female who sat opposite immediately inquired, "Oh, sir, how did she die?" The venerable man replied, "There is a more important question than that, my dear, which you should have asked first." "Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than how did she die?" "How did she live?" was Mr. Newton's answer.

## Useful Receipts.

GLUE FOR EARTHENWARE, ETC.—Put a piece of white flint stone into the midst of a fierce fire; when it is red, or rather white hot, take it out with a pair of tongs, and suddenly drop it into a pan of cold water, which should be ready placed for the purpose. This will destroy the power of adhesion in the flint, and precipitate the stone to a fine powder, from which you must carefully pour off the water. Now melt white resin in an iron pot or earthen pipkin, and stir the flint stone powder into it till it is of the consistency of a thick paste. When you use this glue, warm the edges of the glass, stone, china, or earthenware, and rub this thereon; then carefully and neatly place them together. When quite cold, with a knife scrape off as much of the cement as remains outside.

TO MAKE WATER COLD WITHOUT ICE.—The following is a simple mode of rendering water almost as cold as ice: Let the jar, pitcher or vessel used for water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and drive it to a freezing point. In India and other tropical climates, where ice cannot be procured this is common. Let every mechanic and borer have at his place of employment pitchers thus provided, and with lids or covers, one to contain water for drinking, the other for evaporation, and he can always have a supply of cold water in warm weather. Any person can test this by dipping a finger in water, and holding it in the air on a warm day; after doing this three or four times he will find this finger uncomfortably cold.

TO KILL TICKS ON SHEEP.—Mr. J. A. French, of North Clarendon, Vt., writes to the New England Farmer, that flaxseed, fed at the rate of a tablespoonful each day to each animal, will have the effect of destroying the ticks, and will at the same time very much promote the health of the sheep.

TO TAKE LINK OUT OF LINEN.—Take a piece of tallow, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen into the melted tallow; the linen may then be washed, and the spots will disappear without injuring the linen.

TO DETECT ALUM IN BREAD.—Make a weak decoction of logwood in water, in which pieces of the suspected bread are to be dipped; if it contain alum, it will acquire a decided purple dye, which penetrates some distance into the interior. With pure bread, however, no such coloring will take place.

TO DYE KID GLOVES, YELLOW, OR TAN COLOR.—Steep saffron in boiling soft water for twelve hours, then having sewed up the tops of the gloves to prevent the dye from staining the insides, wet them over with saffron dipped into the liquor. The quantity of saffron, as well as water, depends on how much dye may be required, and their relative proportions on the depth of color wanted.

A TIGER FAIRIED BY A MOUSE.—Captain Basil Hall, in his Fragments of Voyages and Travels, gives the following anecdote of a tiger kept at the British Residency, at Calcutta:—"But what annoyed him far more than our poking him up with a stick, or tantalizing him with shins of beef or legs of mutton, was introducing a mouse into his cage. Our mischievous plan was to tie the little animal by a string to the end of a long pole, and thrust it close to the tiger's nose. The moment he saw it he leaped to the opposite side, and when the mouse was made to run near him, he jammed himself into a corner, and stood trembling and roaring in such an ecstasy of fear, that we were always obliged to desist, in pity to the poor brute. Sometimes we insisted on his passing over the spot where the unconscious little mouse ran backwards and forwards. For a long time, however, we could not get him to move; till at length, I believe by the help of a squib, we obliged him to start; but instead of pacing leisurely across in his sleep, he generally took a kind of flying leap, so high as nearly to bring his back in contact with the roof of his cage."

THE RUSSIAN METHOD OF KILLING RATS.—Procure two ounces of dried oatmeal, and mix with this meal twelve drops of the oil of aniseed. Give this mixture one night. The next night lay on a slate the following mixture: One ounce of dry oatmeal, one ounce of linseed meal, one ounce of bread-crums, and half an ounce of moist sugar. Stir all together with a wooden spoon. When this is put together dry, add two ounces of quicklime, and will mix together. Put some of it on a slate in the places most frequented, and at a short distance place several flat vessels holding about a pint of sweetened water, and lay them even with the floor, to allow the rats, after feasting, to drink.

TO DETECT BUTTER ADULTERATED WITH LARD.—Throw a small piece of the suspected butter into a clear fire, and if it burns with a crackling noise it is adulterated.

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**"WILL SAIL TO-MORROW."**

The good ship lies in the crowded dock  
Fair as a statue, firm as a rock,  
Her tall masts piercing the still blue air,  
Her upright funnel all white and bare—  
Whence the long soft line of vapor smoke  
Twist sky and sea like a vision broke,  
Or slowly over the horizon curled,  
Like a lost hope gone to the other world:

She sails to-morrow—  
Sails to-morrow.

Out steps the captain, busy and grave,  
With his steady footfall—quick and brave,  
His hundred thoughts and his thousand cares,  
And his quiet eye that all things dares;  
Through a little smile o'er the kind face dawns  
On the loving heart that leaps and fawns,  
And a little shadow comes and goes  
As if heart or memory fled—who knows?

He sails to-morrow—  
Sails to-morrow.

To-morrow the thronged line of ships  
Will quick close after her as she slips  
Into the unknown. Deep once more!  
To-morrow, to-morrow, same as to-morrow  
With straining eyes shall desperate yearn—  
"This is no parting! Return—return!"  
Pace, wild wrong hands! Howl, quivering breath!  
Love keeps his own through life and death,  
Though she sails to-morrow—  
Sails to-morrow!

Sail, stately ship; down Southampton-Water  
Gilding fair as oil. Nereus' daughter,  
Christian ship that freightage bears  
Christians, followed by Christian prayers.  
God! send angels after her track!  
Pitiful God, bring the good ship back!—  
All the souls in her ever keep  
Thine—living or dying, awake or asleep.

Then, sail to-morrow;  
Ship, sail to-morrow!

**THE WAR-TRAIL:**  
A ROMANCE OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

## CHAPTER LXV.

## SCATTERING THE WILD STALLIONS.

Such rude appeal was wrung from my lips  
By the dread spectacle on which my eyes  
rested.

I scarcely waited the echo of my words; I  
waited not the counsel of my comrades, but,  
plunging deeply the spur, galloped down the  
hill in the direction of the drove.

There was no method observed, no attempt  
to keep under cover. There was not time either  
for caution or concealment. I acted under instantaneouse impulse, and with but one thought—  
To charge forward, scatter the stallions, and,  
if by time, save her from those hurling heels  
and fierce glittering teeth.

If yet in time—ay, such provisory parenthesis  
was in my mind at the moment. But I drew  
hope from observing that the steed kept a ring  
cleared around him; his assailants only threatening  
at a distance.

Had he been alone, I might have acted with  
more caution, and perhaps have thought of some  
stratagem to capture him. As it was, stratagem  
was out of the question; the circumstances re-  
quired speed.

Both trappers and rangers, acting under a like  
impulse with myself, had spurred their horses  
into a gallop, and followed close at my heels.

The drove was yet distant. The wind blew  
from them—a brisk breeze. We were half-way  
down the hill, and still the wild horses neither  
heard, nor saw, nor scented us.

I shouted at the top of my voice; I wished to  
startle and put them to flight. My followers  
shouted in chorus, but our voices reached not  
the quarrelling caballadas.

A better expedient suggested itself: I drew  
my pistol from its holster, and fired several  
shots in the air.

The first would have been sufficient. Its re-  
port was heard, despite the opposing wind; and  
the mustangs, affrighted by the sound, suddenly  
forsook the encounter. Some bounded away  
at once; others came wheeling around us, snorting  
ferociously, and tossing their heads in the  
air; a few galloped almost within range of our  
rifles, and then, uttering their shrill neighing,  
turned and broke off in rapid flight. The steed  
and his rider alone remained where we had first  
observed them!

For some moments he kept the ground, as  
if bewildered by the sudden scattering of his  
assailants; but he, too, must have heard the  
shots, and perhaps alone divined something  
of what had caused those singular noises. In  
the loud concussion, he recognized the voice of  
his greatest enemy; and yet he stirred not from  
the spot!

Was he going to await our approach? Had  
he become tamed?—reconciled to captivity?  
Or was it that we had rescued him from his an-  
gry rivals—that he was grateful, and no longer  
feared us?

Such odd ideas rushed rapidly through my  
mind as I hurried forward. I had begun to  
doubt it probable that he would stay our ap-  
proach, and suffer us quietly to recapture him.  
Alas! I was soon undeceived. I was still a  
long way off—many hundred yards—when I saw  
him rear upward, wheel round upon his hind-  
feet as on a pivot, and then bound off in deter-  
mined flight. His shrill scream pealing back  
upon the breeze, fell upon my ears like the taunt  
of some deadly foe. It seemed the utterance of  
mockery and revenge; mockery at the impo-  
tence of my pursuit; revenge that I had once  
made him my captive.

I observed the only impulse I could have at  
such a moment: I galloped after, as fast as  
my horse could. I stayed for no consulta-  
tion with my comrades; I had already forged  
far ahead of them. They were too distant for  
sight.

the day before, and the  
wet, weary night had  
jaded him. He had been  
over-wrought, and I felt  
his weariness as he gal-  
loped with feeble stroke.

The prairie steel must  
have been fresh in com-  
parison.

But life and death  
were upon the issue.—  
Her life—perhaps my  
own. I cared not to  
survive her. She must  
be saved. The spur  
must be plied without  
remorse. The steed  
must be overtaken, even  
if Moro should die!

It was a rolling prairie  
over which the chase led  
—a surface that undulated  
like the billows of the  
ocean. We galloped  
transversely to the di-  
rection of the "swells,"  
that rose one after the  
other in rapid succession.

Perhaps the rapidity with which we  
were crossing them brought them nearer  
to each other. To me  
there appeared no level  
ground between these  
land-billows. Up hill  
and down hill in quick  
alternation was the manner of our progress—a  
severe trial upon the girths—a hard, killing  
gallop for my poor horse. But life and death  
were upon the issue, and the spur must be plied  
without remorse.

A long, cruel gallop—would it never come  
to an end? I would the steed never tire? I  
would he never stop? Surely, in time, he must be-  
come weary? Surely, Moro was his equal  
in strength as in speed!—superior to him in  
hearing.

Half frantic, angered at myself, too much  
excited for cool reflection, I lashed the sides  
of my horse, and galloped madly through the  
thicket.

I rode several hundred yards before draw-  
ing bridle, in a sort of desperate hope I might  
once more bring myself within earshot of the  
chase.

Again I halted to listen. My recklessness  
proved of no avail. Not a sound reached my  
ear; even had there been sounds, I should  
scarcely have heard them above that issuing  
from the nostrils of my panting horse; but  
sound there was none. Silent was the chappa-  
ral around me—silent as death; not even a  
bird moved among its branches.

I felt something like self-excitation; my im-  
prudence I denounced over and over. But for  
my rash haste, I might yet have been upon  
the trail—perhaps within sight of the object of pur-  
suit. Where the steed had gone, surely I could  
have followed. Now he was gone I knew not  
whether—lost!—his trail lost—all lost!

To recover the trace of him, I made several  
casts across the thicket. I rode first in one  
direction, then in another, but all to no purpose.  
I could find neither hoof track nor broken  
branch.

I next bethought me of returning to the open  
prairie, there retaking the trail, and following it  
thence. This was clearly the wisest, in fact,  
the only course in which there was reason. I  
should easily recover the trail, at the point  
where the horse had entered the chappa-  
ral, and thence I might follow it without diffi-  
culty.

I turned my horse round, and headed him in  
the direction of the prairie—rather in what I  
supposed to be the direction—for this too had  
become conjecture.

It was not till I had ridden for a half-hour,  
for more than a mile through glade and bush—  
not till I had ridden nearly twice as far in the  
opposite direction—and then to right, and to left—that I pulled up my broken horse,  
dropped the rein upon his withers, and sat bent in  
my saddle under the full conviction that I  
too was lost!

Lost in the chappa-ral—that parched and  
hideous jungle, where every plant that carries  
a thorn seemed to have place. Around grew  
*acacias*, *mimosas*, *gladiolus*, *robinias*, *sig-  
arobias*—all the thorny legumes of the world;  
above towered the splendid *fouquieria* with  
spinous stem; there flourished the "tornillo"  
(*Prosopis glandulosa*), with its twisted beans;  
there the "juncos" (*eskobleria*), whose very  
leaves are thorns. There saw I spear-pointed  
yuccas and clawed bromelias (*agave* and *day-  
lirion*); there, too, the universal cactaceae  
(*Opuntia*, *Mammillaria*, *Cereus*, and *Echinocactus*);  
even the very grass was thorny—for it  
was a species of the "mosquito-grass," whose  
knotted culms are armed with sharp spurs!

Through this horrid thicket I had not passed  
unscathed; my garments were already torn, my  
limbs were bleeding.

My limbs—and hors?

Of hers alone was I thinking: those fair-pro-  
portioned members—those softly rounded arms—  
those smooth delicate skin—bosom and shoul-  
ders bare—the thorn—the scratch—the tear.  
Oh! it was agony to think!

By action alone might I hope to still my  
emotions; and once more rousing myself from  
the lethargy of painful thought, I urged my  
steed onward through the bushes.

These sounds guided me, and without stay-  
ing to follow his tracks, I dashed forward to  
the edge of the chappa-ral—at the point nearest  
to where I heard him moving. I did not pause  
to look for an opening, but heading in the di-  
rection whence came the sounds, I spurred  
forward into the thicket. Breasting the bushes  
that reached round his neck, or bounding over  
them, my brave horse pressed on; but he had  
not gone three lengths of himself before I  
recognized the imprudence of the course I was  
pursuing; I now saw I should have followed the  
track.

I no longer heard the movements of the  
steed—neither foot stroke, nor snapping sticks,  
nor breaking branches. The noise made by my  
own horse, amid the crackling acacias, drowned  
every other sound; and so long as I kept in  
motion, I moved with uncertainty. It was  
only when I made stop that I could again hear  
the chase struggling through the thicket; but  
now the sounds were faint and far distant—  
growing still fainter as I listened.



COMING UP WITH THE WILD HORSE.

Once more I urged forward my horse, head-  
ing him almost at random; but I had not ad-  
vanced a hundred paces, before the misery of  
uncertainty again impelled me to halt.

This time I listened and heard nothing—not  
even the recoil of a bough. The steed had  
either stopped, and was standing silent, or  
what was more probable, had gained so far in  
advance of me that his hoof-stroke was out of  
earshot.

Half frantic, angered at myself, too much  
excited for cool reflection, I lashed the sides  
of my horse, and galloped madly through the  
thicket.

I rode several hundred yards before draw-  
ing bridle, in a sort of desperate hope I might  
once more bring myself within earshot of the  
chase.

Again I halted to listen. My recklessness  
proved of no avail. Not a sound reached my  
ear; even had there been sounds, I should  
scarcely have heard them above that issuing  
from the nostrils of my panting horse; but  
sound there was none. Silent was the chappa-  
ral around me—silent as death; not even a  
bird moved among its branches.

I felt something like self-excitation; my im-  
prudence I denounced over and over. But for  
my rash haste, I might yet have been upon  
the trail—perhaps within sight of the object of pur-  
suit. Where the steed had gone, surely I could  
have followed. Now he was gone I knew not  
whether—lost!—his trail lost—all lost!

To recover the trace of him, I made several  
casts across the thicket. I rode first in one  
direction, then in another, but all to no purpose.  
I could find neither hoof track nor broken  
branch.

I next bethought me of returning to the open  
prairie, there retaking the trail, and following it  
thence. This was clearly the wisest, in fact,  
the only course in which there was reason. I  
should easily recover the trail, at the point  
where the horse had entered the chappa-  
ral, and thence I might follow it without diffi-  
culty.

I turned my horse round, and headed him in  
the direction of the prairie—rather in what I  
supposed to be the direction—for this too had  
become conjecture.

It was not till I had ridden for a half-hour,  
for more than a mile through glade and bush—  
not till I had ridden nearly twice as far in the  
opposite direction—and then to right, and to left—that I pulled up my broken horse,  
dropped the rein upon his withers, and sat bent in  
my saddle under the full conviction that I  
too was lost!

Lost in the chappa-ral—that parched and  
hideous jungle, where every plant that carries  
a thorn seemed to have place. Around grew  
*acacias*, *mimosas*, *gladiolus*, *robinias*, *sig-  
arobias*—all the thorny legumes of the world;  
above towered the splendid *fouquieria* with  
spinous stem; there flourished the "tornillo"  
(*Prosopis glandulosa*), with its twisted beans;  
there the "juncos" (*eskobleria*), whose very  
leaves are thorns. There saw I spear-pointed  
yuccas and clawed bromelias (*agave* and *day-  
lirion*); there, too, the universal cactaceae  
(*Opuntia*, *Mammillaria*, *Cereus*, and *Echinocactus*);  
even the very grass was thorny—for it  
was a species of the "mosquito-grass," whose  
knotted culms are armed with sharp spurs!

Through this horrid thicket I had not passed  
unscathed; my garments were already torn, my  
limbs were bleeding.

My limbs—and hors?

Of hers alone was I thinking: those fair-pro-  
portioned members—those softly rounded arms—  
those smooth delicate skin—bosom and shoul-  
ders bare—the thorn—the scratch—the tear.  
Oh! it was agony to think!

By action alone might I hope to still my  
emotions; and once more rousing myself from  
the lethargy of painful thought, I urged my  
steed onward through the bushes.

These sounds guided me, and without stay-  
ing to follow his tracks, I dashed forward to  
the edge of the chappa-ral—at the point nearest  
to where I heard him moving. I did not pause  
to look for an opening, but heading in the di-  
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forward into the thicket. Breasting the bushes  
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atmosphere, causing a darkness that rivaled night.

I had no apprehension of our safety; it was not of that I was thinking.

To the hasty dialogue between Rube and the Canadian I had scarcely given heed; Garey had advanced to meet me, and I listened with anxious ear to the talk of the tracker.

It was soon told. Rube had been followed the trail, until it emerged from the chapparal, and struck out into a wide grass-prairie. The edge of the thicket was close by; but they had gone a considerable distance beyond it and across the plain. They were still advancing, when, to their consternation, they perceived that the prairie was on fire directly ahead of them! The wind was rolling both smoke and flames before it with the rapidity of a running horse, and it was with difficulty they escaped from it by galloping back to the chapparal.

And the steed—what had become of him?

Had they seen nothing?

I did not put these questions in words—only in thought did I ask them; and in thought only were they answered. Both the trackers were silent, and that was an answer in the negative; yes, I read an ominous negative in their looks of gloom.

We were compelled to halt; even the smoke rendered further progress impossible; but we could hear the fire at no great distance—the cums of the coarse red grass crackling like volleys of musketry.

Now and then, a scared deer broke through the bushes, passing us at full speed. A band of antelope dashed into the glade, and halted close beside us—the frightened creatures not knowing where to run. At their heels came a pack of prairie-wolves, but not in pursuit of them; these also stopped near. A black bear and a congar arrived next; and fierce beasts of prey and gentle ruminants stood side by side, both terrified out of their natural habits. Birds shrieked among the branches, eagles screamed in the air, and black vultures could be seen hovering through the smoke, with no thought of stooping upon a quarry!

The hunter man alone preserved his instincts. My followers were hungry. Rides were leveled—and the bear and one of the antelopes fell victim to the deadly aim.

Both were soon stripped of their skins, and butchered. A fire was kindled in the glade, and upon sword-blades and sapling spits the choice morsels of venison and "bear-meat" were roasted, and eaten, with many a jest about the "smoky kitchen."

I was myself hungered. I shared the repast, but not the merriment. At that moment, no wit could have won from me a smile; the most luxurious table could not have furnished me with cheer.

A worse appetite than hunger assailed my companions, and I felt it with the rest—it was thirst: for hours all had been suffering from it; the long hard ride had brought it on, and now the smoke and the dry hot atmosphere increased the appetite till it had grown agonizing, almost unendurable. No water had been passed since the stream we had crossed before day; there was none in the chapparal; the trackers saw none so far as they had gone: we were in a waterless desert; and the very thought itself rendered the pang of thirst keener and harder to endure.

Some chewed their lesson bullets, or pebbles of chaledony which they had picked up; others obtained relief by drinking the blood of the slaughtered animals—the bear and the antelope—but we found a better source of assuagement in the succulent stems of the cactus and agave.

The relief was but temporary; the juice cooled our lips and tongues, but there is an acrid principle in these plants that soon acted, and our thirst became more intense than ever.

Some talked of returning on the trail in search of water—of going back even to the stream—more than twenty miles distant.

Under such circumstances, even military command loses its authority. Nature is stronger than martial law.

I cared not if they did return; I cared not who left me, so long as the trappers remained true. I had no fear that they would forsake me; and my disapprobation of it checked the cheerful proposal, and once more all declared their willingness to go on.

Fortunately, at that crisis the smoke began to clear away, and the atmosphere to lighten up. The fire had burnt on to the edge of the chapparal, where it was now opposed by the sap-bearing trees. The grass had been all consumed—the conflagration was at an end.

Mounting our horses, we rode out from the glade; and following the trail a few hundred yards farther, we emerged from the thicket, and stood upon the edge of the desolated plain.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

### THE TALK OF THE TRACKERS.

I spurred after, and soon overtook them. Regardless of the dust, I rode close in the rear of the trackers, and listened to what they were saying.

These "men of the mountains"—as they prided to call themselves—were peculiar—While engaged in a duty, such as the present, they would scarce disclose their thoughts, even to me; much less were they communicative with the rest of my following, whom they were accustomed to regard as "greenhorns"—their favorite appellation for all men who have not made the tour of the grand prairies. Notwith-

standing that Stanfield and Black were backwoods-men and hunters by profession, Quacken-boss a splendid shot, Le Blanc a regular "roycer," and the others more or less skilled in woodcraft, all were greenhorns in the opinion of the trappers. To be otherwise, a man must have starved upon a "sage-prairie,"—run" buffalo by the Yellowstone or Platte;

fought "Injun," and shot Indian—have well-nigh lost scalp or ears—spent a winter in Pierre's Hole or Green River—or camped amid the snows of the Rocky Mountains! Some one of all these feats must needs have been performed ere the "greenhorn" can matriculate and take rank as a "mountain man."

I bent forward in the saddle, and listened with acute eagerness. To my great relief, the answer of the old trapper was in the negative.

Since overtaking them on the trail, I had not asked them to give any opinion. I dreaded a direct answer—for I had noticed something like a despairing look in the eyes of both.

As I followed them over the black plain, however, I thought that their faces brightened a little, and appeared once more lit up by a faint ray of hope. For that reason, I rode close upon their heels, and eagerly caught up

every word that was passing between them.—Rube was speaking when I first drew near.

"Wagh! I don't b'lieve it, Bill; 'taint possebly nohow-e-er. The paraisa wuz sof—muhs 'ben; thur's no other ways for it. It cun't a tuk to bleein o' itself."

"Sartint not; I agree wi' you, Rube."

"Wal—thur war a fellur as I met enceast at Bent's Fort on the Arkansas—a odd sort o' critter he war, an no mistake; he us't to go pokin about, gatherin weeds an' all sorts o' green garbitch, an' spreadin 'em out aween sheets o' paper—what he called buttoneyes—jest like that ur Dutch doctur as war rubbet out when we went into the Navah country, O'ther side o' the Gandy."

"I remember him."

"Wal, this hyur fellur I tell'vee about, he us't to talk mighty big o' this, that, an' o'ther; an' he palavered a heap 'bout a thing that, if I don't dismember, wuz calld *spunaynus kumbushun*."

"I've heard o' it; that are the name."

"Wal, the button-eyesur, he sayed that a paraisa might take afre o' itself, 'thout any body whatsonder havin' set it. Now, ther's what this child don't b'lieve, nohow. I know that lightnin sometimes may set a paraisa a bleein, but lightnin's a natal fire o' itself; an it's only recognizable to expect that the dry grass wud catch from it like punk; but I shed, like that ur Dutch doctur as war itself—that's when I shed like to know."

"I don't believe it can," rejoined Garey.

"Ne'er a b'lit o' it. I never seed a burnin paraisa yit, that ther wuzn't evther a camp-fire or a Injun at the bottom o' it—thut ur 'ceptin whur lightnin hed did the bizness."

"And you think, Rube, that been Injun at the bottom o' this?"

"Putty fast sure; an' I'll git you my reeuns."

"I've se'e this; but there was no lightnin this mornin to 's made the fire? Seconds, it's too fur west hyur fur any settlement o' whites—in course I speak o' Texans—that might be Mexikus; them I don't call white, nohow nosomewher. An then, agin, it kin scarce be Mexikus neythur. It fur too fur noth for any o' the yellur bellies to be a strayin jest now, seen as it's the *Mexikin moon wi' the Kimaneches*, an both them an the Leepans or the war-trail. Wal, then, it's cur'rur's no Mexikin 'bout hyur to hetzot the paraisa afur, an' thur's been no lightnin to do it; thurfor, it must'a been dythus by an Injun or thut ur dod-dotter spunaynus kumbushun."

"One or o'ther."

"Wal, bein as this child don't b'lieve it in the kumbushun nohow, thurfor it's my opeenut that red Injuns did the bizness—they did, sartin."

"No doubt of it," assented Garey.

"An' of they did," continued Rube in a new strain, "the Injuns is mighty riled just now. I never know'd 'em so savageous an' fighty. The war hex gin 'em a fresh start, an' thur dander's up agin us, by reezun the gins'ral didn't take offer to help us agin the yellur bellies. If we meet w'ly ethur Kimanach or Leepan on these hyur plains, th'u'll scalp us, or we'll scalp 'em—thet'll it is. Wagh!"

"But what for could they 'sot the parity on fire?" inquired Garey.

"They're, replied Rube, "that are wurr what puzzled me at first. I thort it mout's been done by accident—prechaps by the scaterin o' a camp-fire—for Injuns is careless enuf bout that. Now, how'sever I've got a dif'runt idee. Thet story that Dutch an Frenchy hefchetch from the rancheria, gies me a int'ger sight into the hull bizness."

I knew the "story" to which Rube had reference. Lige and Le Blanc, when at the village, had heard some rumor of an Indian foey that had just been made against one of the Mexican towns, not far from the rancheria. It had occurred on the same day that we marched out. The Indians—supposed to be Lipans or Comanches—had sacked the place, and carried off both plunder and captives. A party of them had passed near the rancheria, after we ourselves had left it. This party had "called" at the Hacienda de Vargas and completed the pillage, left unfinished by the guerrilla. This was the substance of what the messengers had heard.

"You mean about the Injuns?" said Garey, half interrogatively.

"I tell 'ee, Bill," continued Rube in a new strain, "the Injuns is mighty riled just now. I never know'd 'em so savageous an' fighty. The war hex gin 'em a fresh start, an' thur dander's up agin us, by reezun the gins'ral didn't take offer to help us agin the yellur bellies. If we meet w'ly ethur Kimanach or Leepan on these hyur plains, th'u'll scalp us, or we'll scalp 'em—thet'll it is. Wagh!"

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"They're, replied Rube, "that are wurr what puzzled me at first. I thort it mout's been done by accident—prechaps by the scaterin o' a camp-fire—for Injuns is careless enuf bout that. Now, how'sever I've got a dif'runt idee. Thet story that Dutch an Frenchy hefchetch from the rancheria, gies me a int'ger sight into the hull bizness."

I knew the "story" to which Rube had reference. Lige and Le Blanc, when at the village, had heard some rumor of an Indian foey that had just been made against one of the Mexican towns, not far from the rancheria. It had occurred on the same day that we marched out. The Indians—supposed to be Lipans or Comanches—had sacked the place, and carried off both plunder and captives. A party of them had passed near the rancheria, after we ourselves had left it. This party had "called" at the Hacienda de Vargas and completed the pillage, left unfinished by the guerrilla. This was the substance of what the messengers had heard.

**RUSSIAN POST-OFFICE ESPIONAGE.**—It may be assumed confidently that every letter ever sent by the Russian Post-Office, if it be not stamped with the seal of a well-known and unsuspected house, or marked with the name of an unsuspected person as the writer, will infallibly be opened and read. The process observed is this: Where the impression of the seal is bold it is laid on a piece of soft metal, and a sharp blow administered to it from the front side of the letter with a mallet; the wax is broken into fragments and dust, but the impression remains sunk in *saglio* on the metal, which thus forms a die, with an effigy that is a perfect counterpart of the writer's seal, ready for use. A letter fastened with a wafer previous to sealing it gives a good deal more trouble: in this case a fine jet of gas is directed by means of a blowpipe against the wax in a circle all round the wafer and the impression, and the wax being melted and the paper being burnt through in that circular line, there is no further impediment to the letter being opened, while the impression remains uninjured on the back. When the letter has been read and closed again, the gas jet is again put in requisition to fill up the perforation of the wax by fusing the neighboring parts, and the whole looks as if nothing had happened to it. The system of letter espionage is carried on still to as great an extent as under the old regime of the Emperor Nicholas.

**MARRIED BY PROXY.**—The Rev. David Mackenzie, in his *Emigrant's Guide*, relates the following:—In 1840, a decent couple, after the usual proclamation in the church, came to Mr. H. to be married. It was afterwards, however, discovered that the bridegroom had been through some accident detained at home, and that it was his brother who arrived, accompanied by the bride and two or three of her friends. They waited a whole hour for the bridegroom, but never told the clergyman the real cause of their waiting. At last they stated they would wait no longer. Mr. H., accordingly married them, and they returned home. When this irreparable blunder was afterwards discovered the married brother, in the simplicity of his heart, stated that he thought he could transfer the young wife in the evening to his brother, the real bridegroom, for whom he waited a whole hour, and that he was "unwilling to return home from the parson, after having come so far, without doing some business, by way of securing the woman." We are not informed with which of the two brothers the blooming bride has since lived—whether it was with her real or with her intended husband. But this is we believe the greatest extension of a power of attorney ever heard of.

**KITE-HARPS.**—A San Francisco summer is peculiarly suited to the flying of kites, and we are surprised that the amusement is not even more generally indulged in than it appears to be. The Chinese have attracted some attention lately by their operations in this line, and have furnished material for a parody on Bishop's "Harp in the Air," by flying kites in which strips of bamboo were so arranged as to produce a humming sound on being acted upon by the wind, which buzzing music could be heard at a great distance; producing an effect, it must be confessed, more curious than pleasing. Now why cannot some inventive genius astonish the Chinese and delight his own countrymen by doing for the kite what Coley did for the piano—apply to it an Eolian attachment—or in other words try the experiment of making the kite play the Eolian harp? The effort, if successful, would produce a charming effect, and a decided improvement on the monotonous melody now produced by the Chinese instruments. We hope the boys will try the kite-harps "just for a flyer."—*California Paper*.

**THE POWER OF KINDNESS ON CRIMINALS.**—Mr. H. Obermaier first arrived at Munich, he said from 600 to 700 prisoners in the jail, in the worst state of insubordination, and whose voices, he was told, defied the harshest and most stringent discipline; the prisoners were chained together, and attached to each chain was an iron weight, which the strongest found difficult in dragging along; the guard consisted of about 100 soldiers, who did duty not only at the gates and around the walls, but also the passages, and even in the workshops and dormitories, and, strangest of all protections against the possibility of an outbreak or individual evasion, twenty to thirty large savage dogs of the blood-hound breed were let loose at night in the passages and courts, to keep their watch and ward. Mr. Obermaier's system of kindness and labor has so completely changed this pandemonium, that the prison-gates stand wide open, without a sentinel at the door, and a guard of only twenty men idling away their time in a guard room off the entrance-hall.—*Mursey's Not so Bad as They seem.*

**THE STUFF THAT CALUMNY IS MADE OF.**—Mr. Wilberforce related at one time he had himself chronicled as "St. Wilberforce," in an opposing journal, and the following given as an instance of his partisanship:—"He was likely seen," says the journal, "walking up and down in the Bath Pump Room, reading his prayers, like his predecessor of old, who prayed in the corners of the streets to be seen of men." "As there is generally," says Mr. Wilberforce, "some slight circumstance which overreaches turns into a charge or reproach, I began to reflect, and soon found the occasion of the calumny. It was this—I was walking in the Pump Room, in conversation with a friend—passage was quoted from Horace, the accuracy of which was questioned, and as I had Horace in my pocket, I took it out and read the words. This was the plain 'bit of wire' which factious malignity sharpened into a pin to pierce my reputation?" How many ugly pins have been manufactured out of even smaller bits of wire than even that!

**THE RAIN.**—The New York Mercury, in speaking of the late "rainy spell," says:—"We think it was R. H. Stoddard who poetized such weather by singing—

"We know it would rain, for all day long,  
A spirit, on slender ropes of mist,  
Was lowering his golden bucket down,  
Into the vapory amethyst."

This is all very fine for a poet to say of a summer afternoon shower, but our idea would be—

"One knows it would rain, for the whole week long  
Our demon, whose breath congealed our blood,  
Was lowering his slimy buckets down,  
A mixture of water and mud."

**A FEMALE IRISH PREACHER.—A RIVAL TO MR. SPRUGGS.**—A correspondent, in whose truthfulness we can rely, sends us the following:

"In passing through the townland of Drumree, in the neighborhood of Ballinamallard, on Sunday, the 20th instant, my attention was attracted by large crowds of very respectable-looking persons—old—wending their way towards a green field contiguous to the road. Curiosity led me to inquire the nature of such a demonstration, and I was informed that a female was to preach there that evening. My curiosity being still excited, I accordingly waited, and I thank my God, was one of the fatuous spectators on the occasion. Precisely at four o'clock in the evening, a young female, whose name I understand to be Elizabeth McKinney, from the neighbourhood of Fionan, in the county of Tyrone, emerged from the house of Mrs. Beatty, who very kindly granted the field on the occasion, and ascended a rustic platform erected for the purpose, and after the usual preliminaries of singing and prayer, this young female, unadorned with anything but the visible grace of God, quoted her text from the second chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, and 8th verse: 'For ye are made of the gift of God'; and then preached a disengaging assembly of at least 3,000 persons an eloquent and most impressive discourse, for the space of an hour and a-half. She had preached before in Ballinamallard, and had been received with cheering, and requested to remain at Lovethorne, within the last six months. It appeared that all persons who could avail themselves of the opportunity, for five or seven miles round the country, were there. I could observe them from the neighborhood of Temple, Lisluibane, Enniskillen, Kesh, and Trillick; and although the great multitude was composed of Presbyterians, Protestants, and a very large number of Roman Catholics, yet nothing could exceed the good conduct and becoming demeanor of all parties; the only breath that could be heard was an occasional burst of thanksgiving to God, and admiration of the visibly Divine inspired preachers. For I learned that she was no other personage than the young widow (about forty or twenty two years of age) of a small farmer in the neighborhood, who had recently married, and only attended and preached on this occasion by the special invitation of the Primitive Methodist body, in this neighborhood, among whom she is, in a spiritual view, an extraordinary ornament. She was very plainly attired. Her hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes are almost white, and, which together with a rather pale, but a good-featured countenance give her, on the whole, the appearance of one who had received a commission from on High. I understand she had very many invitations to preach from different parts of the country, and even from Scotland. She is no earthly reward for her trouble, and states that it is in obedience to an answer to her prayer, about twelve months ago, she is thus prompted to act."—*Fermanagh Mail*.

**SPRUTTLETON.**—The Boston controversy respecting "Spruttleton," growing out of an offer of \$500 by (or through) *The Courier* to any one who could exhibit the presence and to the satisfaction of certain eminent Professors of the Natural Sciences in Harvard University, any such marvelous phenomena as were commonly reported by Spiritualists as having transpired in the presence if not through the agency of certain persons designated "mediums," has resulted, after a week's investigation, in the following award:

"The Committee award that Dr. Gardner, having failed to produce before them an eminent medium who communicated a word imparted to the spirits in an adjoining room," who read a word in English written inside a book or folded sheet of paper, "who answered any question which the superior intelligences must be able to answer," who tilted a glass without touching it, and who caused a candle to stand upright and burning fail to exhibit, the Committee may pronounced which, under the widest latitude of interpretation, could be regarded as equivalent to either of these proposed tests, or any phenomenon which required for its production, or for any manner indicated, a force which could technically be denominated spiritual, or which was hitherto unknown to science, or a phenomenon of which the cause was not palpable to the Committee.

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